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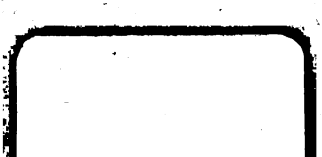

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l. VII Summer Number—JUNE-JULY—1912 No.

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MOUNT TOM

An All Outdoors Magazine

V.7-
1912

DEVOTED TO REST AND WORSHIP, AND TO A LITTLE LOOK-OFF ON THE WORLD

EDITED BY

GERALD STANLEY LEE

MOUNT TOM PRESS
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

Issued Every Other Month One Dollar a Year

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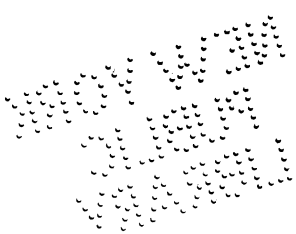

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Entered as second-class matter June 29, 1907, at the Post Office at Northampton, Mass.

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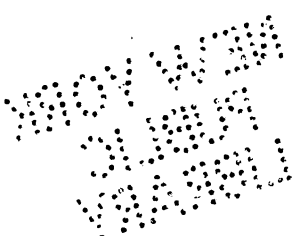
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The Spirit of the Hand-Made World

I have had occasion nearly every day for the past two weeks to pass by an ancient churchyard on a great hillside, not far from London. Most of the stones are very old, and seem to have been thoughtfully and reverently, flake by flake, wrought into their final form by long-vanished hands. As I stand and watch them, with the yews and cypresses flocking about them, it is as if in some sort of way they had surely been wrought by the hands of those that loved them, so full are they of grief, of joy, of devotion, and of a kind of solemn singing among the dead.

When I walk on a little further and come to a small and new addition to the churchyard, and look about me at the stones, I find myself suddenly in quite a new company. So far as one could observe, looking at the gravestones in the new churchyard, the people who died there, died rather thoughtlessly and mechanically, and as if they did not care very much. Of course, when one thinks a little further, one knows that this cannot be true, and that the men and the women who gathered by these glib, trim, capable-looking

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modern tombstones were as full of love and tenderness and reverence before their dead as the others were,—but the lines on the stones give no sign. One never stops to read an epitaph on one of them; one knows it would not be interesting—or really whisper to one the strange, happy, human things of another world—even of this world, that make the old tombstones such good company and so friendly to us. One gives a glance at the stone and passes on. It was made by machinery apparently; a machine might have designed it; a machine might have died and been buried under it. One looks beyond it at all the others like it—all the glib, competent-looking white stones. Were the silenced people or machines under them all mechanical, all made to a pattern like their stones, like these strangely hard, brief tombstones standing here at their heads, summing up their lives before us curtly, heartlessly, on this gentle old hillside?

I wondered.

I looked back to the old eloquent cemetery that almost seemed to be breathing things, and looked once more at the new.

And as I stood and thought, they seemed to me to be two worlds—one the world the people all about me are always saying sadly, is going by, and the other—well, the one we will have to have.

* * *

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As I look off from the hilltop at the great sloping countryside about me, which stretches miles and miles, with its green fields and bushy treetops, its red roofs, its banners of steam from twenty railways, its huge grim, furious chimneys, its still, sleepy steeples, I also see two worlds, the same two worlds over again that I saw in the churchyard—except that they are all jumbled together, the complacent, capable, cut-out, homeless looking houses, the little snuggled-down old ones with their happy trees about them and trails of cooking smoke. I see the same two worlds standing and facing each other before me, whichever way I turn.

And when I slip out of the churchyard from those two little separate worlds of the dead, and move slowly down the long, bustling village street, and look into the faces of the living, the same two worlds that were in the churchyard and on the hills seem to look at me out of the faces of the living, too.

The faces go hurrying past me, worlds apart. Most people, I imagine, who read these pages, must have noticed the people's faces in the streets nowadays—how they seem to have come out of separate worlds into the street a moment, and hurry past, and seem to be going back in a moment more to separate worlds.

There is hardly even a village footway left anywhere today where one cannot see these two worlds, or the spirit of these two worlds flitting

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past one through the streets in people's faces, and nightly before our eyes, struggling with each other to possess, to swallow away into itself human souls, to master the fate of man upon the earth.

One of these is the World of the Hand-made. The other is the Machine-made World.

II

As day by day I watch these two worlds with all their people in them flocking past me, I have come to have certain momentary but recurrent resentments and attractions, unaccountable strong emotions, and I try afterwards to rationalize my emotions, as a man should, and give an account of them to myself and get them ready to use and face my age with. One cannot live in an age strongly and fitly if one would rather be living in some other age, or if it is an age with two worlds in it and one cannot make up one's mind which is the world one wants, and settle down quietly and live in it. Then a strange thing happens, and always happens the moment I begin to try to decide which of the two — the Hand-made World or the Machine-made World — I will choose. I find that in an odd, confused, groping, obstinate way I am bound to choose them both. In spite of all its ugly ways, a kind of vast indifference it has to me, to everybody, its magnificent heartlessness — I find I have come to take in the Machine-made World a kind of boundless, half-

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secret pride and joy, for a terrible and strange beauty there is in it. And then, too, even if I wanted to give it up, I could not, neither I nor any man, nor all the world combined could unthink today a hundred years, fold up a hundred thousand miles of railway, tuck modern life all neatly up again in a little old, snug, safe, lovable Hand-made World. There must be some way out, some connecting link between the Hand-made and the Machine-made. We have merely lost it for a moment.

Which way shall we turn? And so at last to the little Thing through which the whole world whispers to me on my desk, to the mighty railways that beckon past my door, to the airships that cannot be stilled, and to the rolling mills that will not be silenced, I turn at last to the Machines Themselves. Half-singing and half-cursing, I have faced them. There is some way in which they can answer and can be made to answer — can be made to give me and the men about me the kind of world we want. I try to analyze it and to think it out. What is the thing, the real thing in the Hand-made World that fills me with pride and joy and that I cannot and will not give up? Is not the real thing that is in it something that can be or might be freed from it, exhaled from it, something that might be in some new form saved, made an atmosphere or a spirit and passed on? And what is it in the new Machine-made World,

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which in spite of the splendid joy, a rough new, wild religion there is in it, keeps daily filling me as I go past machines with this contradictory obstinate dread of them? After a time I have made a little cleared space in my mind, a little breathing room. It has come to me from thinking that what is beautiful in the Hand-made World perhaps is not these particular Hand-made things themselves in which I so delight, but the Hand-made spirit of the men who made them, which the men put into the things. And perhaps what is full of death and fear in the Machine-made World is not the machines themselves, but the machine-made spirit in which the men who run the machines have made the machines work. Perhaps the Hand-made Spirit is pervasive, eternal. Perhaps it can escape like a spirit, and can live where it will live, and do what it will do, like a spirit, and possess the body that it wills to possess. Perhaps the Hand-made spirit is still living around me today, and is not only living but is living in a more unspeakable, unbounded body than any spirit has ever lived in before, and is today before our eyes, laying its huge iron fingers around our little earth, and holding the oceans in its hand, and brushing away mountains with a breath, until we have Man at last playing all night through the sky, with visions and airships and telescopes . . . his very words walk upon the air with soft and unseen feet.

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It is the Hand-made spirit that creates machines. The machines themselves are still the mighty children of the men who move and work in the Hand-made spirit, and the men who glory in them, the men who bring them forth, who think them out, and who create them, and who do the great and mighty things with them, are still the Hand-made men.

* * *

This leads us up to the question, "How can a machine-made world be run in the spirit of a hand-made world?" The particular form in which the question has been definitely put — taken from **"Inspired Millionaires"** and suggested as the basis of the discussion—is as follows:

"The idea that there is something in a machine simply as a machine which makes it inherently unspiritual is based upon the experience of the world, but it is after all a rather amateur and juvenile world with machines as yet. Its ideas are in their first stages, and are based for the most part upon the world's experience with second-rate men, working in second-rate factories, men who have been bullied, and could be bullied, by the machines they worked with, into being machines themselves. No one would think of denying that men who let machines get the better of them, either in their minds, or their bodies, in any walk of life, grow unspiritual and mechanical. But it does not take a machine to make a machine out

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of a man. Anything will do it if the man will let it. Even the farmer who is out under the great free dome of heaven and working in wonder every day of his life, grows like a clod if he buries his soul alive in the soil. But farming has been tried many thousands of years, and the other kind of farmer is known by everybody — the farmer who is master over the soil, who, instead of becoming an expression of the soil himself, makes the soil express him. The next thing that is going to happen is, that everyone is going to know the other kind of mechanic. It is cheerfully admitted that the kind of mechanic we largely have now, who allows himself to be a watcher of a machine, a turner-of-something for forty years, can hardly be classed as vegetable life. He is not even organic matter, except in a very small part of himself.

"But it is not the mechanical machine which makes the man unspiritual. It is the mechanical man beside the machine. A master at a piano (which is a machine) makes it a spiritual thing; and a master at a printing-press, like William Morris, makes it a free and artistic and self-expressive thing."

I spent a day a little while ago in walking through a factory. I went past miles of machines — great glass roofs of sunshine over them, and looked in the faces of thousands of men. As I went through the machines I kept looking to and fro between the machines and the men who stood

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beside them, and sometimes I came back and looked again at the machines and the men beside them, and every machine, or nearly every machine I saw (anyone could see it in that factory) was making a man of somebody. One could see the spirit of the man who invented the machine, and the spirit of the man who worked with it, and the spirit of the man who owned it and who placed it there with the man, all softly, powerfully running together. There were exceptions, and every now and then one came, of course, upon the man who seemed to be simply another and somewhat different contrivance or attachment to his machine—some part that had been left over and thought of last and had not been done as well as the others; but the factory taken as a whole, from the manager's offices and the great counting room, and from the tall chimneys to the dump, seemed to me to have something fresh and human and unwonted about it. It was a vast machine. It seemed to be a factory that had a look, a look of its own. It was like some huge countenance. It had features, an expression. It had an air,—well, one must say it, of course, if one is driven to it — the factory had a soul, and was humming it. Anyone could have seen it by going into his office and talking a little while with the owner, or by even not talking to him; by seeing him look up from his desk. After walking through several miles of his personality and up and down, and

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down and up the corridors of his mind, one did not really need to meet him except as a matter of form and as a finishing touch. One had been visiting with him all along; to look in his face was merely to sum it up, to see it all, the whole place, over again in one look. One did not need to be surprised, one might have known what such a man would be like; that such a factory could only be conceived and wrought by a man of genius, a kind of lighted-up man, and that a man who had put not only skylights in his buildings but skylights in his men, would have to have a skylight in himself (a skylight with a motor attachment, of course).

If one were to try to think in nature or in art of something that would be like him — well, some kind of transcendental engine, I should say, running softly, smoothly, outdoors in a great sunshine, would have given one a good idea of him. But however this may be, it certainly would have been quite impossible to go through his factory and ever say again that machines do not and could not have souls, or at least over-souls, and that men who worked with machines did not and could not have souls as fast as they were allowed to.

A few days later I went through another factory, and I came out weary and spent at night, feeling as unreasonable and almost as hateful about machines and as discouraged about the

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people who had to work with them, as John Ruskin did in those first early days when the factory chimney first lifted its long black flag upon our earth, and bullied great cities into cowards and slaves, and all the great quiet-hearted nations, and began making for us all around us, before our eyes, as though in a kind of jeer at us, and at our queer, pretty, helpless little religions — the hell we had ceased to believe in.

The hell is here, and is going to be here apparently as long as may be necessary for us to see it and believe in it once more. If a hell on our own premises, shut down hard over our lives here and now, is what is necessary to make us religious and human once more, if we are reduced to it, and if having a hard, literal hell — one of our own —is our only way of seeing things, of fighting our way through to the truth and of getting once more decisive, manful, commanding ideas of good and evil, I for one can only be glad we have Pittsburghs and Sheffields to hurry us along and soon have it over with.

But while, like Ruskin, anyone can look about the machines and see hell, he can see hell today, unlike Ruskin, with heaven lined up close beside it. The machines have come to have souls. The machines we can see all about us have taken sides. We can all of us see the machines about us today like vast looms, weaving in and weaving out the fate of the world, the fate of the churches, the

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fate of the women and the little children, and the very fate of God, and everything about us we can see turning at last on what we are doing with the machines that are about us, and what we are letting our machines do with us.

* * *

It has cleared my mind and at least helped me to live side by side with machines better from day to day, to consider what these two souls or spirits in the machines are, and what they are doing and likely to do. If one knows them when one sees them, and sees how they are working, it is easier to take sides and join in and help.

It would seem to me that there are two spirits in machinery — the spirit of weariness, weakness, of inventing ways of getting out of work; and there is the spirit in the machines, too, of moving mountains, conquering the sea and air, of working harder and lifting one's work over to more heroic, to more splendid and difficult, and almost impossible things. It is these two spirits that are fighting for the possession and control of our machine civilization. I watch the machines and the men beside them and see which side they are on. The laborer who is doing as little work as he dares for his wages, and the capitalist who is giving as little service as he dares for his money on the one side (the vast lazy, mean majority of employers and employees); and there may be seen standing on the other side against them, battling

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for our world, a small but mighty group made up of the laborer who loves his work more than his wages, and the capitalist who loves the thing he makes more than the profit. In other words, the fate of our modern civilization, with all its marvellous machines on it, its art galleries and its churches, is all hanging today on the battle between the spirit of achievement, the spirit of creating things, and the spirit of weariness or the spirit of thinking of ways of getting out of things.

It does not take very long to see which one prefers when one considers the problem of living in one world or the other. If we are to take our choice between living in a world run by tired men, and a world run by inspired ones, most of us will have little difficulty in deciding which we would prefer, and which one we are bound to have. I have been moved to come forward with the idea of inspired employers — or, as I have called them, inspired millionaires — because it would seem to me inspired employers are the very least we can ask for; for certainly if even our employers cannot be inspired or rested and strong, we cannot expect their overworked workmen to be. There is no hope for us but to live our lives in such a way as to help to put the world in the hands of the strong, and to help to keep its institutions and customs out of the hands of the overworked. Overworked mechanical employers and overworked laborers are the last men to solve the

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problem of the overworked, except in a small, tired, mean, resentful, temporary way.

And so as I look about me and watch the machines and the men who are working with the machines, and the men who are owning them; it is on this principle that I find myself taking sides. I will not live, if I can help it, in a world that is conceived and arranged and managed by tired and overworked and mechanical men. Have I not seen tired, mechanical men, whole generations of them, vast mobs of them, the men who have let the machines mow down their souls? The first thing I have come to ask of a man, if he is to be at the head of a machine, whether it is a machine called a factory, or a machine called a government, or a city, or a machine called a nation, is, *is he tired?* I have cast my lot once for all, and as it seems to me, the lot of the world too, with those men who are rested, with the surplus men, the men who want to work more, not less, who are still gentle and strong in their hearts, steady in their imaginations, great men — men who are not driven to being self-centred or driven to being class-centred, and who can be world-centred and inspired.

III

When one has made this decision that one will work for a world in control of men who are strong, one suddenly is brought face to face with a fact in our machine civilization which probably is

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quite new, and which the spirit of man has never had to face in any age before.

For the first time in the history of the world, machinery has made it possible for the world to get into the hands of the weak.

The gun began it — the gun in a coward's hands may side with the weak, and the machine in the hands of the weak may temporarily give the world a list or a trend, and leave it leaning on the wrong side.

The Trust, for instance, which is really an extremely valuable invention and perhaps, on the whole, the most important machine of modern times when it is used to defend the rights of the people, is a very different thing when it is pointed at them. We have today, not unnaturally, the spectacle of perhaps nine people out of ten getting up and saying in chorus all through the world that trusts ought to be abolished, and yet it cannot honestly be said that there is really anything about the trust-machine — any more than any other machine — that is inherently wicked, or mechanical and heartless. Our real objection to the trust-machines is not to the machines themselves, but to the fact that they are or happen to be (judging each trust by itself) in the hands of the weak and of the tired: that is, of men who have no spirit, no imagination about people; mechanical minded men, who at least in the past have

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taken the easiest and laziest course in business — that of making all the money they can.

The moment we see the trusts in the hands of the strong men — the men who are unwilling to slump back into mere money making and who face daily with hardihood and with joy the feat of weaving into business several strands of value at once, making things and making money and making men together, — the trust will become a vast machine of human happiness, lifting up and pulling on the world for all of us day and night.

If our laboring men today are to be got out from under the machines we can only bring it to pass by doing everything we can in directors' meetings or in trade unions or as buyers or as journalists — whatever we may be — to keep the trust-machines in this world out of the hands of tired, weak and mechanical-minded men.

* * *

And the things that have been happening to the trust-machines or are about to happen to them, have happened and are beginning to happen, before our eyes, to the machines themselves. The machines of flames and iron wheels and men in monstrous factories, which the philosophers and the poets and the very preachers have doomed our world with, are passing through the same evolution as the trust-machines, and shall be seen at last through the dim struggle yielding themselves, bending their iron wills to the same in-

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domitable human spirit, the same slow stern implacable will of the soul of man. They shall be inspired machines.

Now for a long time we have seen (for the most part) the weak and mechanical-minded employer, the man who takes the line of least resistance in business, on every hand about us, making his employees mechanical-minded. The men have not been able to work without machines to work with, and as they have been obliged to come to him to get the machines, he has adopted the policy of letting himself fall into the weakest and easiest way of keeping his men under his own control. He takes the machines the men have come to him to get and turns them back against them, points them at their lives, stops their minds with them, their intelligence and manhood, the very hope and religion with which they live; and of course when men have had machines pointed at them long enough, one sees them on every hand being mowed down in rows into machines themselves, — as deadly and as hopeless to make a civilization out of, or a nation out of, or to give votes to, or to have for fathers, as machines would be, — as iron, or leather, or wood.

In the meantime, however, we seem to have been developing, partly by competition and partly by combination and by experience, employers who are not mechanical-minded, who have spirit themselves, and who believe in it and can

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use it in others, who find ways of adjusting the hours, the wages and the conditions of work for the men so that what is most valuable in them, their spirit, their imaginations, their hourly good-will, can all be turned into the business, can all daily be used as the most important part of the working equipment of the factory. These employers have found, by believing it long enough to try it, that live men can do better and more marketable work than dead ones. If the great slow-moving majority of our modern machine employers were not mechanical-minded, it would not be necessary to prove to them categorically the little platitude (which even people who have observed cab horses know) that the living is more valuable than the half-dead, and that living men can do better and more marketable work than dying ones.

But, of course, if they are not convinced by imagination or by arguments or by figures, they may have to be convinced by losing their business, for the most spirited employers, those who take the more difficult and creative course of making money and men together, are sure to be the employers who will get and keep the most spirited men and are sure to crowd out of the market in their own special line, employers who can only get and keep mechanical-minded ones.

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IV

It is impossible in the space of an article like this, to enlarge upon the importance of the battle now going on among the trades unions, between the spirited laborers and the tired ones, and among the manufacturers between the inspired employers and the mechanical-minded ones.

For the time being, however, it is the inspired employers who have most power to change the conditions of labor and to free the mechanical-minded slaves. It is they who are standing today on the great strategical ground of our time. They hold the pass of human life. People cannot expect to be inspired in crowds. Crowds are too unwieldy and too inconvenient to act quickly. The people can only concentrate their energies on getting and demanding inspired employers, on insisting that the men who for eight or nine hours a day are pouring in with their wages, their thoughts and their motives, the very hope with which they live, into their lives, shall be the champions of the people, shall represent them and act for them, as they are not placed to act for themselves, and with more imagination than they can yet expect to have for themselves. If our laboring men of today are going to struggle out from under the machines, they can only do it by doing all that they can in labor unions and in the press and at the polls to keep the machines in this

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world out of the hands of tired and mechanical-minded owners.

But probably the more immediate rescue from the evil or mechanicalness in machines is not going to come from the employers on the one hand or the employees on the other, but from having the employees in the trade unions and the employers in the directors' meetings, combining together to keep in subordinate places, where they cannot hurt others, all men, whether directors or employees, who do not work harder than the have to, and who have not the brains to do their work for something besides money. The men who are like this will of course be pitied and duly considered, but they will not be kept where they will have power to control other men or where by force of position or by mere majority they will be able to bully other men to work as mechanically as they do. Workmen who do not want to become machines, can only better conditions by combining with inspired employers—employers who work harder than they have to, who dote on the great human difficulties of work, who choose not the easiest but the most perfect way of doing things, who are never mechanical themselves and will not let their men be if they can help it. I have liked to call these employers, inspired millionaires. I would rather have the machine-owner or employer a millionaire, because the more machines an inspired employer can own, the more he

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can buy and get away from the uninspired ones, the sooner will the rights of labor and the will of the people be accomplished. When the machines are in the hands of inspired and strong and spirited men, men of real competence or genius for business, the machines will be seen on every hand around us as the engines of war against evil, against slavery, — the whirling weapons of the Spirit.

Even now, in dreams have I stood and watched them — the will of the people like a flail in their mighty hands — this vast army of machines — go thundering past, driving the uninspired and mechanical off the face of the earth.

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Entered as second-class matter June 29, 1907, at the Post Office at Northampton, Mass.

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The Look-Off

IT is a strange thing, being up here once more on this old brown rock, after a year in England,—looking off on America—the same old America in just the way one used to. One knows they are the same steeples—the same white clouds, only made-over ones of course, the same New York in the distance, and Pittsburg and Chicago and Denver, Seattle—all lying out there—all humming to themselves softly in the same old sun!

And yet everything seems new, indescribably and magnificently unfinished and as if it were just thought of. The fields—after England seems improvised—the very hills look inmature. They told us in Holy Writ of the trees of the fields clapping their hands and of the hills skipping like rams. They must have mean't America. Everything seems young and looking forward.

And yet nothing expresses it. It is not in our things that one really gets this sense of the future in America. They merely hint at it. It is in us and in the American feelings Americans give us when we look at our things.

The first American feeling, the one I have most now that I am at home again, is the American's courage toward the future.

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It is a courage we have not begun to express.

I remember looking over with H. G. Wells one night, a set of pictures or photographs of the future in America, which he had brought home with him. They were largely sky scrapers, big bridges, Niagaras, and things, and I could not help thinking, as I came home that night, how much more Mr. Wells had of the future of America in his own mind than he could possibly buy in his photographs. What funny little films they were after all, how faint and pathetic, how almost tragically dull, those pictures of the future of my country were! H. G. Wells himself, standing in his own doorway, was more like America, and more like the future of America than the pictures were.

The future in America cannot be pictured. The only place it can be seen is in people's faces. Men go out into the street, in New York, in Chicago, in San Francisco, in Seattle, they look eagerly as they go into the faces of the men who pass, and they feel hundreds of years—the next hundreds of years, like a breath, sweep past. America, with all its forty story buildings, its little play Niagaras, its great dumb Rockies, is the unseen country. It can only as yet be seen in people's eyes. Some days flowing sublime and silent through our noisy streets, and through the vast panorama of our towers, I have heard the footfalls of the unborn, like sunshine around me.

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This feeling America gives one in the streets—is the real America. The solidity—the finality—the substantial fact in America—is the daily sense in the streets—of the future. And it has seemed to me that this fact—whether one observes it in Americans in America, in Americans in England and in other nations—in what one might call for lack of a better name—the American temperament in all peoples—is the most outstanding typical and important fact our modern world and our philosophy about the world has now to reckon with. Nothing can be seen as it really is—if this amazing pervasive hourly sense of the future is left out of it.

All power is rapidly coming to be based on news—news about human nature—and about what is soon to be done by people. This news travels by express in boxes, by newspapers, by telephone, by word of mouth, and by wireless telegraph. Most of the wireless news is not only wireless, but it is in cipher—hence prophets, or men who have great sensitiveness, men whose souls and bodies are films for the future, platinum plates for the lights and shadows of events; men who are world-poets, sensitive to the air-waves and the light-waves of truth, to the faintest vibrations from to-morrow, or from the next hundred years hovering just ahead. As a matter of course, it is already coming to be true that the most practical man to-day is the prophet. In the

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older days, men used to look back for wisdom, and the practical man was the man who spoke from experience, and they crucified the prophet. But to-day, the practical man is the man who can make the best guess on to-morrow. The cross has gone by—at least, the cross is being pushed further along. A prophet in business or politics gets a large salary now, he is a recognized force. Being a prophet is getting to be almost smug and respectable.

We live so in the future in our modern life, and our rewards are so great for men who can live in the future, that a man who can be a ten year prophet, or a twenty-five year prophet like James J. Hill, is put on a pedestal, or rather is not wasted on a pedestal, and is made President of a railroad. He swings the country as if it were his hat. We see great cities tagging Wilbur Wright, and emperors clinging to the skirts of Count Zeppelin. We only crucify a prophet now if he is a hundred or two hundred or five hundred years ahead. Even then, we would not be apt to crucify, we would merely not use him much—except the first twenty-five years of him.

The theory is no longer tenable that prophets must be necessarily crucified. As a matter of history, most prophets have been crucified by people, but it was not so much because of their prophecy as because their prophecy did not have any first twenty-five years in it. They were

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crucified because of a blank place or hiatus not necessarily in their own minds; but at least in other people's. People would have been very glad to have their first twenty-five years' worth if they could have got it. It is this first twenty-five years, or joining-on part, which is most important in prophecy, and which has become our specialty in the Western world. One might say, in a general way, that the idea of having a first twenty-five years' section in truth for a prophet is a modern, an almost American, invention. We are temperamentally a country of the future, and think instinctively in futures; and perhaps it is not too much to say—(considering all the faults that go with it for which we are criticised) that we have led the way in futures as a specialty, as a national habit of mind, and though with terrific blunders perhaps have been really the first people en masse to put being a prophet on a practical basis—that is to supply the first twenty-five year section, or the next-thing-to-do section to Truth, to put in a kind of coupling between this world and the next. This is what America is for perhaps, to put in the coupling between this world and the next.

In the former days, the strength of a man, or of an estate, or a business, was its stability. In the new world, instead of stability, we have the idea of persistence, and power consists, not so much in stolid brittle foundation quality, as in conduc-

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tivity. Socially men can be divided into conductors—men who connect powers—and non-conductors—men who do not; and the power of persistence lies in flexibility, adaptableness, and impressionableness. The set conservative class of people, in three hundred years, are going to be the dreamers, inventors, those who demonstrate their capacity to dream true, and who hit shrewdly upon probabilities and trends and futures; and the great power of a man is coming to be the power of observing atmospheres, of being sensitive to the intangible and the unknown. People are more likely to be crucified two thousand years from now for wanting to stay as they are. There used to be the inertia of rest; and now in its place, working reciprocally in a new astonishing equilibrium—we step up calmly on our vast moving side-walk of civilization and swing into the inertia of motion.

The inertia of men, instead of being that of foundations, conventions, customs, facts, sogginess, and heaviness, is getting to be an inertia now toward the future, or the next-thing-to-do. Most of us can prove this by simply looking inward and taking a glimpse of our own consciousness. Let a man draw up before his own mind the contents of his own consciousness, (if he has a motor consciousness), and we find that the future in his life looms up, both in its motives, and its character, and takes about three-quarters

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of the room of his consciousness; and when it is not looming up, it is woven into everything he does. Even if all the future was for, was to help one understand the present and act this immediate moment as one should, nine-tenths of the power of seeing a thing as it is, turns out to be one's power of seeing it as it is going to be. In any normal man's life, it is really the future and his sense of the future that makes his present what it is.

History is losing its monopoly. It is only absorbed in men's minds—in the minds of those who are making more of it—in parts or rather in elements of all its parts.

The trouble with history seems to have been thus far, that people have been under the illusion that history should be taken as a solid. They seem to think it should be taken in bulk. They take it, some of them a solid hundred years of it or so, and gulp it down. The advantage of prophecy is that it cannot be taken as a solid by people who would take everything so if they could. Prophecy is protected. People have to breathe it, assimilate it, and get it into their circulation and make a solid out of it personally and do it all themselves. It is this process which is making our modern men spiritual, interpretive and powerful towards the present and towards the past, and which is giving a body and soul to knowledge, and is making knowledge lively and human, the kind of knowledge (when men get it) that makes things happen.

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THE AMERICAN COURAGE TOWARD THE UNSEEN AND THE HALF-GUESSED

The most distinctively American thing that ever happened was when Benjamin Franklin went out one day and called down lightning from heaven. Before that, power had always been dug up, or scraped off the ground. The more power you wanted, the more you had to get hold of the ground and dig for it; and the more solid you were, the more heavy solid things you could get, the more you could pull solid heavy things round in this world where you wanted them. Franklin turned to the sky, and turned power on from above, and decided that the real, and the solid, and the substantial in this world was to be pulled about by the Invisible.

Copernicus had the same idea of course when he fared forth into space, and discovered the centre of all power to be in the sun. It grieved people a good deal to find how much more important the sky was than they were, and their whole little planet with all of them on it. The idea that that big blue field up there, empty by day and with such crowds of little faint dots in it all night, was the real thing, the big, final, and important thing, and that they and their churches and popes and pyramids and nations should just dance about it for millions of years like a mote in a sunbeam, hurt their feelings at first. But it did them good. It started them looking Up, and looking the other way for power.

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Very soon afterwards Columbus enlarged upon the same idea by starting the world toward very far things, on the ground, and he bored through the sky lines, a thousand sky lines, and spread the nations upon the sea. Columbus was the typical modern man, led by the invisible, the intangible, and on the great waters somewhere between Spain and New York, between the old and the new, Columbus discovered the Future Tense, the centrifugal tense, the tense that sweeps in the unknown, and gathers in, out of space, out of hope, out of faith, the lives of men. The mere fastened-down stable things, the mere actual facts, stopped being the world with Columbus, and the air and the sky began to be swung in, and to be swept through the thoughts and acts of men and of women. Miners, mariners, explorers, inventors. The impossible steamship, the railway, the impossible cotton gin and sewing machine and reaper, Hoosac tunnels and Atlantic cables. The impossible became one of the habits of modern life.

Of course the sky and the air and the unknown and the future had been recognized before, but only a little and in a rather patronizing way. But when a world has made a great solid continent by following a horizon line, it begins to take things just beyond very seriously. And so our Time has been fulfilled. We have had the stone

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age. We have had the iron age, and now we have the sky age, and the sky telegraph, and sky men and sky cities, mountains of stone are built out of men's visions, and towers and sky scrapers swing up out of their wills and up out of their hearts.

* * *

Not long ago as I was coming away from New York in the Boston Express which was running at 55 miles an hour, I saw suddenly some smoke coming up apparently out of a satchel on the floor, belonging to the man in the chair in front of me. I moved the satchel away, and the smoke came up through the carpet. I spoke to the Pullman conductor who was passing through, and in a second the train had stopped, and the great wild roaring thing had ceased and we stood in the great wide, white silence in the fields. We got off the car—some of us—to see what had happened and to see if there was a hot box on the wheels. We found that the entire underside of the floor of the car was on fire, and what had happened? Nothing except a new impossibility, nothing except that a human being had invented an electrical locomotive so powerful that it was pulling that train 55 miles an hour while the brakes in the car were set—twelve brakes all grinding 20 miles on those twelve wheels, and the locomotive paid no more attention to the brakes

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of that heavy Pullman than it would to a feather or to a small boy, all the way from New York to Stamford, hanging on behind. As I came in I looked again at the train—the long dull train that had been pulled along by the Invisible, by the kingdom of the air, and the sky—the long dull heavy train. And the spirit of far-off suns was in it.

In Count Zeppelin's new airship, the new social spirit has a symbol, and in the gyroscopic train the inspired millionaire is on a firm foundation. The power of the new kind and new size of the capitalist is his power of keeping an equilibrium with the people, and the men of real genius in modern affairs are men who have motor genius and light genius over other men's wills. They are allied to the X-ray and the airship, and gain their pre-eminence by their power of forecast and invention—their power of riding upon the unseen, upon the thoughts of men and the spirit of the time. Even the painters have caught this spirit. The plain air painters are painting the light, and the sculptors are carving shadows and haloes, and we have not an art left which does not lean out into the invisible. And religion is full of this spirit and theosophy and Christian Science. The playwrights are touched by it, and the action, instead of being all on the stage, is thrown out into the spirit of the audience. The play in a modern theatre is not on the stage but

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in the stalls. Maeterlinck, Ibsen, Shaw, merely use the stage as a kind of magic lantern, or suggestion-center for the real things that, out behind us in the dark, are happening in the audience.

THE AMERICAN COURAGE FOR OTHER PEOPLE

I would like to propose, as a basis for the judgment of men and events, and as a basis for forecasting the next men and next events, and arriving at a vision of action, a Theory of the World:

Every man has one.

Every man one knows can be seen doing his work in this world on a great background—a kind of panorama or stage-setting in his mind, made up partly of history and books, newspapers, people and experiences, which might be called his Theory of the World.

It is his theory of the world which makes him what he is. His personal judgment or personal interpretation of what the world is like, and what works in it, and what does not work.

A man's theory as to why people do or do not do wrong, is not a theory he might in some brief disinterested moment, possibly at luncheon, take time to discuss. His theory of what is wrong and of what is right and of how they work, touches

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the efficiency with which he works intimately and permanently at every point every minute of his business day.

If he does not know, in the middle of his business day what his theory of the world—of human nature, is, he would better stop and find out.

A man's theory of the world is the skylight or manhole over his work. It becomes his hell or heaven, his day and night. He breathes his theory of the world and breathes his idea of the people in it, and everything he does may be made or may be marred by what, for instance, he thinks in the long run, about people.

THE AMERICAN OR DEMOCRATIC THEORY OF HUMAN NATURE

If the men who were crucifying Jesus could have been suddenly stopped at the last moment and if they could have been kept perfectly still for ten minutes and could have thought about it, some of them would have refused to go on with the crucifixion when the ten minutes were over. If they could have been stopped for twenty minutes there would have been still more of them who would have refused to have gone on with it. They would have stolen away and wondered about The Man in their hearts. There were others who were there who

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would have needed twenty days of being still and thinking. There were some who would have had to have twenty years to see what they really wanted, in all the circumstances, to do.

People crucified Christ because they were in a hurry.

They did what they wanted to do at the moment. So far as we know there were only two men who did what they would have wished they had done in twenty years. There was the thief on the other cross who showed The Man he knew who he was, and there was the disciple John who kept as close as he could. John perhaps was thinking of the past of all the things that Christ had said to him, and the man on the other cross was thinking what was going to happen next. The other people who had to do with the crucifixion were all thinking about the thing they were doing at the moment and the way they felt about it. But The Man was thinking, not of his suffering, but of the men in front of him and of what they could be thinking about and what they would be thinking about afterwards in ten minutes, in twenty minutes, in twenty days, or in twenty years, and suddenly his heart was flooded with pity at what they would be thinking about afterwards and in the midst of the pain in his arms and the pain in his feet, he made that great cry to heaven, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!"

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It is because Christians have never quite believed that The Man really meant this when he said it that they have persecuted the Jews for two thousand years. It is because they do not believe it now that they blame Mr. Rockefeller for doing what most of them twenty years ago would have done themselves. It was one of the hardest things to do and say that any one ever said in the world and it was said at the hardest possible time to say it. It was strange that one almost swooning with pain should have said the gentlest-hearted and truest thing about human nature that has ever been said since the world began. It has seemed to me the most literal and perhaps the most practical truth that has been said since the world began.

It goes straight to the point about people. It gives one one's definition of goodness both for one's self and for others. It gives one a program for action.

Except in our more joyous and free moments, we assume that when people do us a wrong, they know what they are about. They look at the right thing to do and they look at the wrong one and they choose the wrong one because they like it better. Nine people out of ten one meets in the streets coming out of church on Sunday morning, if one asked them the question plainly, "Do you ever do wrong when you know it is wrong?" would say that they did. If you ask them what

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a sin is, they will tell you that it is something you do when you know you ought not to do it.

But The Man himself in speaking of the most colossal sin that has ever been committed seemed to think that when men committed a sin, it was because they did not really see what it was that they were doing. They did what they wanted to do at the moment. They did not do what they would have wished they had done in twenty years.

I would define goodness as doing what one would wish one had done in twenty years—twenty years, twenty days, twenty minutes, or twenty seconds, according to the time the action takes to get ripe.

It would be far more true and more to the point, instead of scolding or admiring Mr. Rockefeller's skilled labor at getting too rich to point out mildly that he has done something that in the long run he would not have wanted to do, that he has lacked the social imagination for a great permanently successful business. His sin has consisted in his not taking pains to act accurately and permanently, in his not concentrating his mind and finding out what he really wanted to do. It would seem to be better and truer and more accurate in the tremendous crisis of our modern life to judge Mr. Rockefeller, not as a monster of wickedness, but merely as an

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inefficient morally underwitted man. There are things that he has not thought of that everyone else has.

We see that in all those qualities that really go to make a great business house in a great nation, John D. Rockefeller stands as the most colossal failure as yet that our American business life has produced. To point his incompetence out quietly and calmly and without scolding would seem to be the only fair way to deal with Mr. Rockefeller. He merely has not done what he would have wished he had done in twenty, well, possibly two hundred years, or as long a time as it would be necessary to allow for Mr. Rockefeller to see. The one thing that the world could accept gracefully from Mr. Rockefeller now would be the establishment of a great endowment of research and education to help other people to see in time how they can keep from being like him. If Mr. Rockefeller leads in this great work and sees it soon enough, perhaps he will stop suddenly being the world's most lonely man.

Many men have been lonely before in the presence of a few fellow human beings but to be lonely with a whole nation, eighty million people, to feel a whole human race standing there outside of your life and softly wondering about you, staring at you in the show-case of your money, peering in as out of a thousand newspapers upon you as a kind of moral curiosity under glass—

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studying you as the man who has performed the most athletic feat of not seeing what he was really doing and how he really looked in all the world, this has been Mr. Rockefeller's experience. He has not done what he would wish he had done in twenty years.

Goodness may be defined as getting one's own attention, as boning down to the best and most efficient way of finding out what one wants to do. Any man who will make adequate arrangements with himself at suitable times for getting his own attention will be good. Anyone else from outside who can make such arrangements for him, such arrangements of expression or—of advertising goodness as to get his attention will make him good.

THE AMERICAN'S MORAL LIMBERNESS

If two great shops could stand side by side on the Main Street of the World and all the vices could be put in the show window of one of them, and all the virtues in the show window of the other, and all the people could go by all day, all night, and see the windowful of virtues as they were, and the windowful of vices as they were, all the world would be good in the morning.

It would stay good as long as people remembered how the windows looked. Or if they could not remember, all they would need to do, most people, when a vice tempted them would be to

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step out, look at it in its window a minute, possibly take a look too at the other window, and they would be good.

If a man were to take a fancy to any particular vice and would take a step up to The Window, and take one firm look at it in The Window, see it lying there, its twenty years' evil, its twenty days', its twenty minutes' evil, all branching up out of it, he would be good.

When we see the wrong on one side and the right on the other and really see the right as vividly as we do the wrong, we do right automatically. Wild horses cannot drag a man away from doing right if he sees what the right is.

A little while ago in a New England city where the grade crossings had just been abolished and where the railroad wound its way on a huge yellow sandbank through the most beautiful part of the town, a prominent, public-spirited citizen wrote a letter to the president of the company suggesting that the railroad (for a comparatively small sum which he mentioned) plant its sandbank with trees and shrubs. A letter came the next day saying that the railroad was unwilling to do it. He might quite justifiably have been indignant and flung himself into print and made a little scene in the papers, which would have been the regular and conventional thing to do under the circumstances. But it occurred to him instead, being a man of a curious and practical

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mind, that possibly he did not know how to express himself to railroad presidents and that his letter had not said what he meant. He thought he would try again and see what would happen if he expressed himself more fully and adequately. He took for it this second time a box seven feet long. The box contained two long rolls of paper, one a picture by a landscape gardener of the embankment as it would look when planted with trees and with shrubs, and the other a photograph—a long panorama of the same embankment as it then stood with its two great broadsides of yellowness trailing through the city. The box containing the rolls was sent without comment, and with photographs and estimates of cost on the bottom of the pictures.

A letter from the railroad came next day thanking him for his suggestion and promising to have the embankment made into a park at once.

If God had arranged from the beginning, slides of the virtues and had furnished every man with a stereopticon inside and if all a man had to do at any particular time of temptation was to take out just the right slide or possibly try three or four up there on his canvas a second, no one would ever have any trouble in doing right.

* * *

It is not too much to say that this way of looking at evil and good,—at the latent capacities of

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evil and good in men, if a man once believes it, and if a man once practises it as a part of his daily practical interpretation and mastery of men will soon put a new face for him on nearly every great human problem with which he finds his time confronted. We shall watch the men in the world about us—each for their little day trying their funny, pathetic, curious, little moral experiments and we shall see the men—all of the men and all of the good and the evil in the men this moment, daily before our eyes working out with an implacable hopefulness the fate of the world. We know that in spite of self-deceived syndicalism, and self-deceived trusts, in spite of coal strikes—and all the vain, comic little troops of warships around the earth peace and righteousness in a vast overtone are singing toward us.

We are not only going to have new and better motives in our modern men, but the new and better motives are going to be thrust upon us. Every man who reads these pages is having, at the present moment, motives in his life which he would not have been capable of at first. Why should not a human race have motives which it was not capable of at first? If one takes up two or three motives of one's own, the small motives and the large ones and holds them up in one's hand and looks at them quietly from the point of view of what one would wish one had done in twenty years, there is scarcely one of us who

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would choose the small ones. People who are really modern, that is, who look beyond themselves in what they do, to others, who live their lives as one might say six people away, or sixty people further out from themselves—or sixty million people further, are becoming more common everywhere, and people who look beyond the moment in what they do to another day, who are getting more and more to live their lives twenty years ahead, and to have motives that will last twenty years, are implacably driven to better and more permanent motives.

Thinking of more people when we act for ourselves, means ethical consciousness or goodness, and better and more permanent motives.

In the last analysis, the men who permanently succeed in business will have to see further than the other people do.

Men like John D. Rockefeller who have made failures of their lives, and have not been able to conduct a business so as to keep it out of the courts—have failed because they have had imagination about Things but not imagination about people.

The man who is just at hand will not do over again what Mr. Rockefeller has done. He will at least have made some advance in imagination over Rockefeller.

Mr. Rockefeller became rich by coöperating with other rich men to exploit the public. The

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man of the immediate future is going to get rich, as rich as he cares to be, by coöperating not merely with his competitors—which is as far as Rockefeller got—but by coöperating with the people.

It is a mere matter of social imagination, of seeing what succeeds most permanently, most honourably, in other words, of putting what has been called "goodness" and what is next going to be called "business" together. In other words, social imagination is going to make a man gravitate toward mutual interest or co-operation which is the new and inevitable level of efficiency and success in business. Success is being transferred from men of millionaire-genius to men of social and human genius. The men who are going to compete most successfully in modern competitive business are competing by knowing how to coöperate better than their competitors do. Employers, employees, consumers, partners, become irresistible by their coöperation; only employers, employees, consumers and partners, who coöperate better than they do can compete with them. The trusts have already crowded out many small rivals because, while their co-operation has been one-sided, they have co-operated with more people than their rivals could; and the good trusts, in the same way, are going to crowd out the bad trusts, because the good ones will know how to coöperate with more

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people than the bad ones do. They will have the human genius to see how they can coöperate with the people instead of against them.

They are going to invent ways of winning and keeping the confidence of the people, of taking to this end a smaller and more just share of profits. And they are going to gain their leadership through the wisdom and power that goes with their money, and not through the money itself. It is the spiritual power of their money that is going to count, and wealth, instead of being a millionaire-disease is going to become a great social energy in democracy. We are going to let men be rich because they represent us, not because they hold us up. The hold-up has gone by—that is, getting all one can—and service—that is, getting what we have earned—has come in.

The new kind and new size of politician will win his power by his faith, like U. Ren of Oregon; the new kind and new size of editor is going to hire with brains a millionaire to help him run his paper; and the new kind and new size of author, instead of tagging a publisher, will be paid royalties for supplying him with new ideas and creating for him new publics. Power in modern life is to be light and heat and motion, and not a gift of being heavy and solid. Even Money shall lose its inertia.

We are in this way being driven into having new kinds and new sizes of men, and some of

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them will be rich, and some of them will be poor, and no-one will care. We will simply look at the man himself and at what size he is.

If our preachers are not saving us our business men will. Sometimes one suspects that the reason goodness is not more popular in modern life is, that it has been taken hold of in the wrong way. Perhaps when we stop teasing people and take goodness seriously and calmly, and see that goodness is essentially imagination, that it is brains, that it is thinking down through to what one really wants, goodness will begin to be more coveted. Except among people with almost no brains or imagination at all, it will be popular.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to say that these things that I have been saying or trying to say about the flexibility and the potentiality of the human race, at its present crisis—in its present struggle to maintain and add to its glory on the earth, are all beyond the range of possibility—and the present strength of manhood. But I can only hope that these objections that people make will turn out like mine. I have been making objections all my life as all idealists must—only to watch with dismay and joy the old-time happy obdurate way objections have of going by.

People began by saying they would never use automobiles because they were so noisy and ill-odored and ugly. Presto! The automobile

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becomes silent and shapes itself in lines of beauty.

Some of us had decided against balloons—"even if the balloon succeeds," we said, "there will be no way of going just where and when you want to." And then, presto! Regular channels of wind are discovered and the balloon goes on.

"Aëroplanes," we said, "may be successful, but the more successful they are, the more dangerous, and the more danger there will be of collisions, collisions in the dark and up in the great sky at night." And presto! Man invents the wireless telegraph, and the entire sky can be full of whispers telling every airship where all the other airships are.

Some of us have decided that we will never have anything to do with monopoly. Presto! There is suddenly evolved an entirely new type of monopolist, the man who can be rich and good, the millionaire who has invented a monopoly that serves the owners, the producers, and employees, the distributors and the consumers alike. An American railway President has been saying lately that America would not have enough to eat in 2050, but it would not do to try to prove this just yet. Someone—almost any day now—will invent a food that is as highly concentrated as dynamite and the whole food supply of New York,—who knows?—shall be carried around in one Railway President's vest pocket.

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Things that Need to be Aired

PLUMP DOWN ANYWHERE AND HOPE!

IT would be hard to overestimate the weariness and cynicism and despair that have been caused in the world by its more recklessly hopeful men—the men who plump down happily anywhere and hope, the optimists who are merely slovenly in their minds about evil. But the optimism that consists in putting evil facts up into a kind of outdoors in our minds and in giving them room to exercise in our thoughts and feelings, the optimism that consists in having one's brain move vigorously over disagreeable facts—organize them into the other facts with which they belong and with which they work, is worthy of consideration. Many of us who have tried optimism and pessimism both, have noticed certain things.

When one is being pessimistic one almost always has the feeling of being rather clever. It is forced upon one a little, of course, having all these other people about one stodgily standing up for people and not really seeing through them.

So, though one ought not to, one does feel a

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little superior—even with the best intentions, when one is being discouraged.

But the trouble with pessimism is—that it is only at the moment when one is having it, that one really enjoys it, or feels in this way about it.

Perhaps I should not undertake to speak for others and should only speak for myself, but I can only bear witness for one, that every time in my life that I have broken through the surface a little and seen through to the evil and found myself suddenly and astutely discouraged, I have found afterwards that all I had to do was to see the same thing a little further over, set it in the light beyond it and look at it in larger or more full relations and I was no longer astutely discouraged.

So I have come to believe slowly and grimly that feeling discouraged about the world is not quite clever. I have noticed it too in watching other people—men I know. If I could take all the men I know who are living and acting as if they believed big things about people to-day, men who are daily taking for granted things in human nature and put them in one group by themselves all together, and that if I could then take all the men I know who are taking little things for granted in one another and in human nature, I do not believe very many people would find it hard to tell which group would be more clever. Possibly the reason more of us do not spend more time in being hopeful about the

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world is that it takes more brains usually than we happen to have at the moment. Hope may be said to be an act of the brain in which it sees facts in relations large enough to see what they are for, an act in which it insists in a given case upon giving the facts room enough to turn around and to relate themselves to one another and settle down where they belong in one's mind, the way they would in real time.

I am going to hope.

It is the only way to see through things. It is the only way to dare to see through one's self, the only way to see through other people—and to see past them and to see with them and for them —is to hope.

There are four questions, with which day by day we stand face to face:

(1) Does human nature change?

(2) Does it change towards a larger and longer vision?

(3) Will not a larger and longer vision mean new kinds and new sizes of men?

(4) Will not new sizes of men make a new sized ethic practical and make a new world?

Everything depends for every man upon this planet, at this moment, on how he decides these questions. If he says Yes, he will live one kind of life, he will live up to his world. If he says No, he will have a mean world, smaller-minded than he is himself, and he will live down to it.

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This is what the common run of men about us —the men of less creative type in literature, in business and in politics are doing. They do not believe human nature is changing. They are living down to a world that is going by. They are living down to a world that is smaller than they are themselves. They are trying to make others do it. They answer the question "Does Human Nature Change?" by No. Wilbur Wright when he flew around over the heads of the people in New York a few years ago, a black speck above a whole city with its heads up—answered Yes.

But the real importance of the flying machine has not stopped short with a little delicate graceful thing like walking on the air instead of the ground.

The big and really revolutionary thing about Wilbur Wright's flying was that he changed the minds of the whole human race in a few minutes about one thing. There was one particular thing that for forty thousand years they knew they could not do. And now they knew they could.

There must be other particular things. And as nine men out of ten are in business, most of these particular things are going to be done in business.

The Wilbur Wright spirit is catching.

It is as if a lid had been lifted off the world.

One sees everywhere business men going about the street expecting new things of themselves. They expect things of the very ground, and of the air, and of one another they had not dared expect before.

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MOUNT TOM

Vol. VII April-May, 1913 No. 3

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Entered as second class matter June 29, 1907, at the Post Office at Northampton, Mass.

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This Round World

OXFORD STREET AND THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

EVERY now and then, when I am in London (at the instigation of some business man who takes the time off to belong to it), I drop into a pleasant but other-worldly and absent-minded place called the House of Commons.

I sit in the windows in the smoking-room and watch the faces of the members all about me and watch the steamships, strangely, softly, suddenly —Shakespeare and Pepys, outside on the river, slip gravely by under glass.

Or I go in and sit down under the gallery, face to face with the Speaker, looking across those profiles of world-makers in their seats; and I watch and listen in the House itself. There is a kind of pleasant, convenient, appropriate hush upon the world there.

Wisdom.

The decorous, orderly machinery of knowledge rolls over one—one listens to It, to the soft clatter of the endless belt of words.

Every now and then one sees a member in the middle of a speech, or possibly in the middle of a

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sentence, slip up quietly and take a look (under glass) at The People, or he uses a microscope, perhaps, or a reading glass on The People, Mr. Bonar Law's, Mr. Lloyd George's, Ramsay MacDonald's, Will Crook's, or somebody's. Then he comes back gravely as if he had got the people attended to now, and finishes what he was saying.

It is a very queer feeling one has about the People in the House of Commons.

I mean the feeling of their being under glass; they all seem so manageable, so quiet and so remote, a kind of glazed-over picture in still life, of themselves. Every now and then, of course one takes a member seriously when he steps up to the huge showcase of specimen crowds, which members are always referring to in their speeches. But nothing comes of it.

The crowds seem very remote there under the glass. One feels like smashing something—getting down to closer terms with them—one longs for a Department Store or a bridge or a bus—something that rattles and bangs and is.

All the while outside the mighty street—that huge megaphone of the crowd goes shouting past. One wishes the House would notice it. But no one does. There is always just the House Itself and that hush or ring of silence around it, all England listening, all the little country papers far away with their hands up to their ears and the great serious-minded Dailies, and the witty

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Weeklies, the stately Monthlies, and Quarterlies, all acting as if it mattered. . . .

Even during the coal strike nothing really happened in the House of Commons. There was a sense of the great serious people, of the crowds on Westminster Bridge surging softly through glass outside, but nothing got in. Big Ben boomed down the river, across the pavements, over the hurrying crowds and over all the men and the women, the real business men and women. The only thing about the House that seemed to have anything to do with anybody was Big Ben.

Finally one goes up to Harrod's to get relief, or one takes a 'bus, or one tries Trafalgar Square, or one sees if one can really get across the Strand or one does something—almost anything to recall one's self to real life.

And then, of course, there is Oxford Street.

Almost always after watching the English people express themselves or straining to express themselves in the House of Commons, I try Oxford Street.

I know, of course, that as an art-form for expressing a great people, Oxford Street is not all that it should be, but there is certainly something, after all the mooniness and the dim droniness, and lawyer-mindedness in the way the English people express themselves or think that they ought to express themselves in their House of Commons —there is certainly something that makes Oxford

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Street seem suddenly a fine, free candid way for a great people to talk! And there is all the gusto, too, the busses, the taxies, the hundreds of thousands of men and women saying things and buying things they believe.

Taking in the shops on both sides of the street, and taking in the things the people are doing behind the counters, and in the aisles, and up in the office windows—three blocks of Oxford Street really express what the English people really want and what they really think and what they believe and put up money on more than three years of the House of Commons.

If I were an Englishman I would rather be elected to walk up and down Oxford Street and read what I saw there than to be elected to a seat in the House of Commons, and I could accomplish more and learn more for a nation, with three blocks of Oxford Street with what I could gather up and read there, and with what I could resent and believe there, than I could with three years of the House of Commons.

I know that anybody, of course, could be elected to walk up and down Oxford Street. But it is enough for me.

So I almost always try it after the House of Commons.

And when I have taken a little swing down Oxford Street and got the House of Commons out of my system a little, perhaps I go down to

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the Embankment, and drop into my club. Then I sit in the window and mull.

If the English people express themselves and express what they want and what they are bound to have on Oxford Street and put their money down for it—so much better than they do in the House of Commons, why should they not do it there?

Why should elaborate, roundabout, mysterious things like governments, that have to be spoken of in whispers (and that express themselves usually in a kind of lawyer-minded way, in picked and dried words like wills), be looked upon so seriously, and be taken on the whole, as the main reliance the people have, in a great nation, of expressing themselves?

Why should not a great people be allowed to say what they are like and to say what they want and what they are bound to get in the way Oxford Street says things, in a few straight clean-cut, ordinary words, in long quiet rows of deeds, of buying and selling and acting?

Pounds, shillings, and silence.

Then on to the next thing.

If the House of Commons were more like Oxford Street or even if it had suddenly something of the tone of Oxford Street, if suddenly it were to begin some fine morning to express England the way Oxford Street does, would not one see, in less than three months, new kinds and new

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sizes of men all over England, wanting to belong to it?

Big, powerful, uncompromising, creative men who have no time for twiddling, who never would have dreamed of being tucked away in the House of Commons before, would want to belong to it.

In the meantime, of course, the men of England who have empires to express, are not unnaturally expressing them in more simple language like foundries, soap factories around a world, tungsten mines, department stores, banks, subways, railroads for seventy nations, and ships on seven seas, Winnipeg trolleys and little New York skyscrapers.

Business men of the more usual or humdrum kind could not do it, but certainly, the first day that business men like these, of the first or world-size class, once find the House of Commons a place they like to be in, once begin expressing the genius of the English people in government as they are already expressing the genius of the English people in owning the earth, in buying and selling, inventing things and inventing corporations, the House of Commons would cease to be a bog of words, an abyss of committees, and legislation will begin to run more like a railroad on a block signal system, rows of things taken up, gone over, and finished. The click of the signal. Then the next thing.

I sit in my club and look out of the window and

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think. Just outside thousands of taxies shooting all these little mighty wills of men across my window, across London, across England, across the world . . . the huge, imperious street . . . all these men hurling themselves about it, joining their wills on to telephone wires, to mighty trains and little quiet country roads, hitching up cables to their wills, and ships—hitching up the very clouds over the sea to their wills and running a world—why are not men like these —men who have the street-spirit in them, this motor genius of driving through to what they want, taking seats in the House of Commons?

Perhaps Oxford Street is more efficient and more characteristic in expressing the genius and will of the English people than the House of Commons is because of the way in which the people select the men they want to express them in Oxford Street.

It may be that the men the people have selected to be at the top of the nation's law-making are not selected by as skillful, painstaking, or thorough a process as the men who have been selected to be placed at the top of the nation's buying and selling.

Possibly the reason the House of Commons does not express the will of the people is, that its members are merely selected in a loose, vague way and by merely counting noses.

Possibly, too, the men who are selected by a

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true, honest, direct, natural selection to be the leaders and to free the energies and steer the work of the people, the men who are selected to lead by being seen and lived with and worked with all day, every day, are better selected men than men who having been voted on on slips of paper, after being seen in newspaper paragraphs, travel up to London and begin thoughtlessly running a world.

The business man drops into the House of Commons after the meeting of his firm in Bond Street, Lombard Street, or Oxford Street and takes a look at it. He sees before him a huge tool or piece of machinery—a body of men intended to work together and to get certain grave, particular, and important things done, that the people want done, and he does not see how a great good-hearted chaos or welter, a kind of chance national Weather of human nature like the House of Commons, can get the things done.

So he confines himself more and more to business where he loses less time in wondering what other people think or if they think at all, cuts out the work he sees, and does it.

He thinks how it would be if things were turned around and if people tried to get expressed in business in the loose way, the thoughtless reverie of voting that they use in trying to get themselves expressed in politics.

He thinks the stockholders of the Sunlight

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Soap Company, Limited, would be considerably alarmed to have the president and superintendent and treasurer and the buyers and salesmen of the company elected at the polls by the people in the county or by popular suffrage. He thinks that thousands of the hands as well as the stockholders would be alarmed too. It does not seem to him that anybody, poor or rich, employer or employee, in matters of grave personal concern, would be willing to trust his interest or would really expect the people, all the people as a whole, to be represented or to get what they wanted, to act definitely and efficiently through the vague generalizations of the polls. Perhaps a natural selection, a rigorous, dead-earnest selection men work on nine hours a day, an implacable, unremitting process during working hours, of sorting men out, (which we call business) is the crowd's most reliable way of registering what it definitely thinks about the men it wants to represent it. Business is the crowd's big, serious, daily voting in pounds, shillings, and pence—its hour to hour, unceasing, intimate, detailed labour in picking men out, in putting at the top the men it can work with best, the men who most express it, who have the most genius to serve crowds, to reveal to crowds their own minds, and supply to them what they want.

As full as it is—like all broad, honest expressions—of human shortcomings and of things that

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are soon to be stopped, it does remain to be said that business—in a huge, rough way, daily expressing the crowds as far as they have got—the best in them and the worst in them, is, after all, their most faithful and true record—their handwriting. Business is the crowd's autograph—its huge, slow, clumsy signature upon our world.

Buying and selling is the life of the crowd's thought, its big, brutal daily confiding to us of its view of human life. What do the crowds, poor and rich, really believe about life? Property is the last will and testament of crowds.

The man-sorting that goes on in distributing and producing property is the crowd's most unremitting, most normal, temperamental way of determining and selecting its most efficient and valuable leaders—its men who can express it, and act for it.

This is the first reason I would give against letting the people rely on having a House of Commons compel business men to be good.

Men who meet now and then of an afternoon or an evening, who have been picked out to be at the top of the nation's talking, by a loose, absent-minded and illogical paper process, cannot expect to control men who have been picked out to be at the top of a nation's buying and selling, by a hard-working, closely-fitting, logical process, the men that all the people by everything they

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do, every day, all day, have picked out to represent them.

Any chance three blocks of Oxford Street could be relied on to do better.

PRESIDENT WILSON AND MOSES

We are deeply interested in the United States just now, in seeing what will be the fate of President Wilson's government in getting men to be good. The fate of a government in 1913 may be said to stand on the government's psychology or knowledge of human nature or of what might be called human engineering, its mastery of the principles of lifting over in great masses heavy spiritual bodies—like people, swinging great masses of people's minds over as on some huge national derrick up on The White House, from one lookout on life to another.

There are certain aspects of human nature when power is being applied to it in this way, and when it is being got to be good, that may not be thought beside the point.

If one could drop in on a government and have a little neighbourly chat with it, as one was going by, I think I would rather talk with it (especially our government, just now), about Human Nature than about anything.

I would have to do it, of course, in what might seem to a government to be a plain and homely way.

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I would ask the government what it thought of two or three observations I have come to lately about the way that human nature works, when people are getting it to be good. What a government thinks about them might possibly prove before many months to be quite important to It.

The first observation is this:

The reason that the average bachelor is a bachelor is that he spends the first forty-five years of his life in picking out women he will not marry.

Possibly it is because many people are following the same principle in trying to be good and in getting other people to be good that they make such poor work of it.

Possibly the main reason why there are so many wicked people or seem to be, in proportion, among the Hebrews in the Old Testament, is that Moses was a lawyer and that he tried to start off a great people with the Ten Commandments, that is, a list of nine things they must never do any more and of one that they must.

Some of us who have tried being good, have noticed that when we have hit it off, being good (at least with us) consists in being focused, in getting concentrated, in getting one's attention to what one really wants to do.

Moses' idea when he started his government, the idea of getting people concentrated on not getting concentrated on nine things, was not con-

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ducive to goodness. The fundamental principle Moses tried to make the people good with was a contradiction in terms. It is a principle that would make wicked people out of almost anybody.

* * * *

All that one has to do to see how true this is, is to observe the groups or classes of people who are especially not what they should be. The people who never get on morally (as different as they may be in most things and in the fields of their activity) all have one illusion in common. There is one thing they always keep saying when any new hopeful person tries once more to get them to be good.

They say (almost as if they had a phonograph) that they try to be good and cannot do it.

And this is not true.

When a man says he tries to be good and cannot do it, if he sits down and thinks it over he finds, generally, he is not trying to be good at all. He is trying to be not bad.

A man cannot get himself reformed, by a negative process, by being not bad and it is still harder for him and for everybody, when other people try to do it—those who are near him—and it is still more hard for a President down in Washington to do it.

An intelligent, live man or business corporation cannot be got to keep up an interest very long in

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being not bad. Being not bad is a glittering generality. It is like being not extravagant or economical.

Most people who have ever tried to attain in a respectable degree to a pale little neuter virtue like economy, and who have reflected upon their experiences, have come to conclusions that may not be very far from the point in a fine art like getting one's self to be good or getting other people to be.

To concentrate on being economical by going grimly down the street, looking at the shop windows, looking hard at miles of things he will not buy, cannot be said to be a practicable method of attaining economy.

The real artist, in getting himself to be good, proceeds to upon the opposite principle. Even if the good thing he tries for is merely a negative good thing like economy, he instinctively seeks out some positive way of getting it.

A man who is cultivating the art of getting himself to be economical, or of getting his wife to be economical, does not make a start by sitting down with a pencil and making out a list, by concentrating his mind on rows of things that he and his family must get along without. He knows a better way. He goes down town with his entire family, takes them into a big shop and sits down with them and listens to a Steinway Grand he

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cannot get. As he listens to it long enough, he thinks he will get it.

Then a subtle, spiritual change passes over him and over his family while they listen. He would not have said before he started that sitting down and thinking of things he could get along without—making lists in his mind of things that he must not have—could ever be in this world a happy, even an almost thrilling experience. But as a matter of fact, as he sits by the piano and listens, he finds himself counting off economies like strings of pearls, and he greets each new self-sacrifice he can think of with a cheer. While the Steinway Grand fills the room with melody all around him, there he actually is sitting, having the time of his life dreaming of the things he can get along without.

When he goes home, he goes home thinking. And the family all go home thinking.

Then economy sets in. The reason most people make a failure in their economy is that they are not artistic with it, they do not enjoy it. They do not pick out anything to enjoy their economy with.

With some people an automobile would work better than a Steinway Grand and there are as many ways, of course, of practising the Steinway Grand principle in not being bad as there are people, but they all consist apparently in selecting some big, positive thing that one wants to do,

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which logically includes and bundles all together where they are attended to in a lump, all the things that one ought not to do.

Most sins (every one who has ever tried them knows this) most sins are not really worth bothering with, each in detail, even the not-doing them and the most practical, firm method of getting them out of the way (thousands of them at once, sometimes, with one hand) is to have something so big to live for that all the things that would like to get in the way, and would like to look important, look, when one thinks of it, suddenly small.

The distinctive, preëminent, official business for the next four years, of making small things in this country look small and of gently, quietly making small men feel small, has been assigned by our people recently, to Mr. Woodrow Wilson.

Now it naturally seems to some of us, the best way for Mr. Wilson's government to do in getting the Trusts to give up lying and stealing is going to be to place before them quietly a few really big, interesting, equally exciting things that Trusts can do, and then dare them, as in some great game or tournament of skill—all the people looking on—dare them, challenge them like great men, to do them.

There are three ideas President Wilson may have of the government's getting people to be good.

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First, not letting people be bad. (Moses).
Second, being good for them. (Karl Marx.)
Third, letting them be good themselves. (Any Democrat.)

Moses was the inventor of a kind of national moral-brake system, a machine for stopping people nine times out of ten. The question that faces President Wilson just now, while the world looks on is, "Is a government or is it not a moral-brake system—a machine for stopping people nine times out of ten?"

There is a considerable resemblance between Moses' position and a new President's in the United States. When Moses looked around on the things he saw the men around him doing, and took the ground that at least nine out of ten of the things should be stopped, he was academically correct. And so, also, President Wilson, gazing at the business of this country to-day, at nine out of ten of the humdrum thoughtless things that Trusts and corporations have been doing, will be academically correct in telling them to stop, in having his little, new, helpless, unproved, adolescent government stand up before all the people and speak in loud, beautiful, clear accents and (with its left fist full of prisons, fines, lawyers, of forty-eight legislatures all talking at once) bring down its right fist as a kind of gavel on the world and say to these men, before all the nations, that nine of the things they are doing must be

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stopped and that one of the things, if they happen to be able to think out some way of keeping on doing it—nobody will hurt them.

But the question before President Wilson, to-day, with all our world looking on, is not whether he would be right in entering upon a career of stopping people. The real and serious question is, does stopping people stop them? And if stopping people does not stop them, what will?

The way for a government to stop people from doing things they are doing is to tell them the things it wants done. A government that does not express what it wants, that has not given a masterful, clear, inspired statement of what it wants—a government that has only tried to say what it does not want, is not a government.

The next business of a government is a statement of what it wants.

The problem of a government is essentially a problem of statement.

How shall this statement be made?

It was not merely because the seventh commandment was negative, but because it was abstract that David found it so hard to keep. If the seventh commandment (like Uriah's wife) could have had deep blue eyes or could have been beautiful to look upon, and, on a particular day in a particular place, could have been bathing in a garden, David would have found keeping it a very different matter. The tendency to make a

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statue of purity as a lovely female figure carries us a little further in moral evolution, than the moral statement that Moses had managed to get, and it was further toward the concrete, but it was not far enough for a real artist or man who does things.

One of the things about the real artist that makes him an artist, is that he is always and always has been and always will be profoundly dissatisfied with a statue of a female figure as an emblem of purity. He challenges the world, he challenges God, he challenges himself, he challenges the men and women about him when he is being put off with a statue as an emblem of purity. He demands, searches out, interprets, creates something concrete and living to express his idea of purity.

How can President Wilson, in getting the Trusts not to be corrupt, in trying to win them—how can President Wilson make the law alluring? How can he make the People have a low voice?

A great deal if not nearly everything depends in tempting business men to be good, upon the tone in which they are addressed. Everybody has noticed that a man's voice works harder, works more to the point with him in getting what he wants than his words do. It is his voice that makes people know him, that makes them know he means what he says. It is his voice that tells them whether he is in the habit of meaning what

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he says, and it is his voice that tells them whether he is in the habit of getting what he wants, and of knowing what to do with what he wants when he gets it.

A government does not need to say very much if it has the right tone.

The tone of a government is the government.

If President Wilson is going to succeed in tempting business men to be good, he is going to do it, some of us think, by depending on three principles.

These three principles, like all live, active principles, may be stated as three principles or as three personal traits.

First, by being affirmative. (Isaiah, in distinction from Moses.)

Second, by being concrete. (Bathsheba.)

Third, by being specific, by seeing the universal in the particular. (Like any artist or man who does things.)

The value of being affirmative and the value of being concrete have been already touched upon. There remains the value of being specific.

The trouble with most people in being economical with their money is, that when they spend it, they spend it on something in particular, and when they save it, they try to save it in a kind of general way. The same principle applies to doing right. It is because when people do right, they do it in a kind of general pleasant, abstract way, and

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when they do wrong they always do something in particular, that they are so Wicked.

A man will do almost anything to save his life at a particular place and at a particular time, say at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, if he is drowning, but if he has a year to save it in, a year of controlling his appetites, of daily, detailed mastering of his spirit, of not taking a piece of mince pie, of stopping his work in time and of going to bed early, he will die.

It is easier when one is going under water for the third time and sees a rope, to stretch just one inch more and grasp the rope, reach up to forty more years of one's life, all concentrated for one on the tip of a rope, than it is to spread out saving one's life over a whole year, 365 breakfasts, 365 luncheons, 365 dinners, 33,365 moments of anger, of reckless worry, of remorse, of self-pity, 40,000 moments of despair and round up with a swing at the end of one's year at the tiptop of one's being, as if it had only taken five minutes. And yet it is only an act of the creative imagination of seeing the whole, of having a happy, daily, detailed perspective of the end in view, that is, of the part in its setting of the whole—going without a piece of mince pie. If one could only make one's self see the piece of mince pie as it is it would not be difficult, if one could see it on the plate there and see the not taking it as a little wedge-shaped rivet, a little triangular link or coupling in the chain that keeps

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one holding on forty years longer to this planet, a piece of mince pie left on a plate would become a Vision.

This seems to be the principle that works best in getting other people to be good.

Perhaps the President will succeed in getting Trusts to be good, by taking hold of specific Trusts, one by one, and setting them—all mankind looking on—in the nation's vision, setting them even in their own vision—taking the Trusts that thought they had got what they wanted, making them stand up and look (in some great public lighted place) at what pathetic, tragical failures they are, letting them see that what their Trust had wanted all along, if it had only thought about it, was not success one went to jail for—success by getting the best out of the most people, but success by serving the most people the best.

* * * *

Is President Wilson or is he not going to fall back into a mere lawyer Moseslike way of getting people to be good, or is he going to be a man like David, half poet, half soldier, who got his way with the nation half by appreciating the men in it and being a fellow human being with them, and half by fighting them when they would not let him be a fellow human being with them and would not let him appreciate them?

Almost any nation or government can get some

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kind of Moses to-day but the men that America is producing would not particularly notice a Moses probably now. A Moses might do for a Rockefeller, but he could not really do anything with a man like Theodore N. Vail who has the telephones and telegraphs of the country talking and ticking to us all night, all day, of what kind of a man he is.

A big affirmative, inspirational man like David or even Napoleon who inspires people with one breath and fights hard with the next, a man who swings his hat for the world, a man who goes on ahead and says "Come" is the only man who can be practical in America to-day in helping real live American men like McAdoo, like Edison and Acheson, men who can express a people in a business—to express them.

The people have spoken.

We want a poet in the White House. It sometimes looks as if, if we could not get a poet for the White House soon, at least for a while, there would not be a place anywhere else for a poet in America. Let us have our White House poet next.

I do not believe it is too much to expect a President to be a poet. We have had a poet for President once in one supreme crisis of this nation and the crisis that is coming now is so much deeper, so much more human and world-wide than Lincoln's was that it would almost seem as if a

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place like the White House where one's poetry really could work would make a poet out of anybody.

A President who has not a kind of plain, still, homely poetry in him, a belief about people that sings, in the present appalling crisis of the world, is impracticable or visionary.

So we do not say, "Have we a President that can get our Bells, Edisons, McAdoos, Achesons to be good by toeing a line?"

We say, "Have we a President who can swing into step, join in the singing, and catch up?"

* * * *

Tunnel McAdoo, when he lifted up his will against the sea and against the seers of Wall Street, was singing. When he conceived those steel cars, those roaring yellow streaks of light ringing through rocks beneath the river, streets of people flashing through under the slime and under the fish and under the ships and under the wide sunshine on the water, he was singing! He raised millions of dollars singing.

Of course he sang the way Americans usually sing, and had to do as well as he could in talking to bankers and investors not to look as if he were singing, but there it all was singing inside him, the seven years of digging, all the seven years of dull thundering on rocks under the city, and at last the happy steel cars all green and gold, the streams of people all yellow light hissing and pour-

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ing through—those vast pipes for people beneath the sea.

If we have a President, let him sing like McAdoo, or like Luther Burbank, or like Theodore N. Vail, or like Colonel Goethals, picking up a little isthmus like Panama, a string between two continents, playing on it as if it were a harp; or like Edward Ripley playing with the Santa Fé Railroad for all the world like Homer with a lute, all his seven thousand men, all his workmen, all their wives and their children, all the cities along the line striking up and joining in the chorus, or like Carborundum Acheson, backed up by his little Niagara Falls oiling the wheels of a world, weaving diamonds into steel, hardening the bones of the earth into skyscrapers, into railroads, into the mighty thighs of flying locomotives. . . .

Any man who is seen acting in this world with a thing, as if he believed in the thing, as if he believed in himself and believed in other people, is singing.

Moses striking out with a rod, as we are told, a path along the sea for his people, may have done a more showy thing from a religious point of view, hitting the water on top so, making a great splash with an empty spot in it for people to march through, but he was not essentially more religious than McAdoo, with all these modest but mighty columns of figures piling up behind him, with all those splendid, dumb, still glowing

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engineers behind him, lifting up his will against cities, lifting up his will against herds of politicians, haughty newspapers, against the flocks of silly complacent old ferry-boats waddling in the bay, against the wind and the rain and the cold on the water, and all the banks of Wall Street. . . .

When we want to tell News to our President about ourselves in America, we point to William G. McAdoo.

* * * *

The first news that we, the American people, must contrive to get into the White House about ourselves is that we do not want to be improved, and that we do not like an improving tone in a government. We want to be expressed the way McAdoos express us. We want a government that expresses our faith in one another, in what we are doing, and in ourselves, and in the world.

We are singing over here on this continent. We would not all of us put it in just this way. But our singing is the main thing we can do, and a government that is trying to improve us feebly, that is looking askance at us and at our money, at our labour, and that does not believe in us and join in with us in our singing does not know what we are like.

Our next national business in America is to get the real news over to the President of what we are like.

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It is news that we want in the White House. A missionary in the White House, be he ever so humble, will not do.

A poet in words, with two or three exceptions, America has not produced.

The only touch of poetry or art as yet that we have in America is—acting as if we believed in people. This particular art is ours. Other people may have it, but it is all we have.

This makes the common American a poet.

The true imaginative men of our modern life, the poets of crowds and cities are not to-day our authors, preachers, professors or lawyers or philosophers. They are our vision-doers, the men who have seen visions and dreamed dreams in the real and daily things, the daring Governors like Wilson and Hughes, the daring inventors of great business houses, the men who have invented the foundations on which nations can stand, on which railroads can run, the men whose imaginations, in the name of heaven, have played mightily with the earth, watered the deserts, sailed little cities on the seas, the men who have whistled and who have said "Come" to empires, who have thought hundred-year thoughts, taken out nine hundred and ninety-nine year leases, who have thought of mighty ways for cities to live, for cities to be cool, to be light, to be dark, who have conceived ways for nations to talk, who have

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grasped the earth and the sky like music, like words, and put them in the hands of the people, and made them say, "Oh earth" and "Oh sky, thou art great, but we also are great! Come earth and sky, thou shalt praise God with us."

Who are these men?

Let the President catch up.

Who are these men—Let the parliaments droning on their benches, the Congresses pile out of their doors and catch up.

Let the lawyers—the little swarms of them dark-minded, wondering and running to and fro, creep-in offices, who have tried to run our world, blurred our governments, and buzzed, who have filled the world with piles of old paper, Congressional Records, with technicalities, words, droning, weariness, despair, and fear . . . let them come out and look—then let them catch up!

Let a man in this day in the presence of men like these sing. If a man cannot sing, let him be silent. Only men who are singing things shall do them.

I go out into the street, I look almost anywhere, listen anywhere, and the singing rises round me!

It was singing that spread the wireless telegraph like a great web across the sky.

It was singing that dug the subways under the streets in New York.

It was singing, a kind of iron gladness, hope and faith in men that has flung up our skyscrapers

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into the lower stories of the clouds, and made them say "*I will, I will, I will!*" to God.

Ah, how often have I seen them from the harbour, those flocking crowded skyscrapers under that little heaven in New York, lifting themselves in the sunlight and in the starlight, lifting themselves before me, sometimes, like crowds of great states, like a great country piled up, like a nation reaching, like the plains and the hills and the cities of my people standing up against heaven day by day—all those flocks of the skyscrapers saying, "I will! I will! I will!" to God.

The skyscrapers are news about us to our President. He will reckon with these skyscraper men and interpret men that belong with skyscrapers.

And as he does so, I shall watch the people answer him, now with a glad and mighty silence and now with a great solemn shout.

The skyscrapers are their skyscrapers.

The courage, the reaching-up, the steadfastness that is in them is in the hearts of the people.

If the President does not know us yet in America, does not know McAdoo as a representative American, we will thunder on the doors of the White House until he does.

My impression is he would be out in the yard by the gate asking us to come in.

We are America. We are expressing our joy in the world, our faith in God, and our love of

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the sun and the wind in the hearts of our people.

In America the free air breathes about us, and daily the great sun climbs our hillsides, swings daily past our work. There are ninety million men with this sun and this wind woven into their bodies, into their souls. They stand with us.

The skyscrapers stand with us.

All singing stands with us.

Ah, I have walked in the dawn and in the sun and in the wind have I seen them!

That sun and that wind, I say before God, are America. They are the American temperament.

I will have laws for free men, laws with the sun and the wind in them.

I have waked in the dawn and my heart has been glad with the iron and poetry in the skyscrapers.

I will have laws for men and for American men, laws with iron and poetry in them.

The way for a government to get the poetry in is to say "Yes" to somebody.

The way for a government to get the iron in is not to say "No." It is not American in a government to keep saying "No." The best way for our government in America to say "No" to a man is to let him stand by and watch us saying "Yes" to some one else.

Then he will ask why.

Then he will stand face to face with America.

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ALL BOOKSELLERS, MAY 24th
DOUBLEDAY PAGE & CO., NEW YORK
(METHUEN & CO., LONDON)

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MOUNT TOM

Vol. 7 Easter Number February-March, 1914 No. 4

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MOUNT TOM BULLETIN BOARD

Entered as second-class matter June 29th, 1907, at the Post Office at Northampton, Mass.

Subscription Rates—(Six numbers), $1.00. Every other month. Foreign postage in Postal Union, 12 cents. Subscription begin with current number unless otherwise ordered.

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The Look-Off

Joseph Conrad has expressed it very well—the way one feels when one wakes up from writing a book.

"Truth to say I had not known for weeks whether the sun shone upon the earth and whether the stars above still moved on their appointed courses. I was just then giving up some of my allotted span to the last chapters of the novel "Nostromo," a tale of an imaginary (but true) seaboard, ... All I know is that *for twenty months, neglecting the common joys of life that fall to the lot of the humblest on this earth, I had, like prophet of old, 'wrestled with the Lord' for my creation, for the headlands of the coast, for the darkness of the Placid Gulf, the light on the snows, the clouds on the sky, and for the breath of life that had to be blown into the shapes of men and women, of Latin and Saxon, of Jew and Gentile. These are, perhaps, strong words, but it is difficult to characterize otherwise the intimacy and the strain of a creative effort in which mind and will and*

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conscience are engaged to the full, hour after hour, day after day, away from the world, and to the exclusion of all that makes life really lovable and gentle—something for which a material parallel can only be found in the everlasting sombre stress of the westward winter passage round Cape Horn."

If anybody has had the feeling that something queer has been happening to this mountain lately it's only fair to say what it is. Mount Tom has been rounding Cape Horn.

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This Round World

WAR AS IT LOOKS FROM MOUNT TOM

ONE MAN'S CONFESSION OF FAITH

THE men who are fighting to-day are the men I want to be with and that I want to be like.

In a vague anonymous and therefore sneaking civilization like this; I do not propose (for one) to put in a minute except when I'm asleep, in not fighting.

Most of the peace talk I hear humdrumming around bores me. It seems abstract, cold, twiddling and scared about real human nature. The imprecatory psalms would do most of the people who are talking about peace to-day a world of good. As a state of spiritual liveliness, as a good sound substratum-emotion for keeping up some gusto in modern life and making peace mean something they couldn't be much improved upon.

What one finds fault with in our modern men who flourish around Dreadnoughts and swing armies at people is not their fighting spirit—the brave, fine way they feel inside while they are

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expressing themselves in this way, but their technique.

Dreadnoughts do not really express us—the righteous indignation, the hope for the world, that we have—most of us, bottled up inside us. Our Dreadnoughts never really make anybody see just what our feelings are about our enemies, or how we came to have them, or how we can get over them. They hurt us more than they hurt those who are wronging us. They never get the best of an enemy. They do not do with an enemy what we try to make them do.

As a fighter I have much the same feeling about Dreadnoughts that I have about those rather simple old-fashioned ideas of fighting that one finds in a man like David for instance, 3000 years ago. Where David really outdid himself was in his imprecatory psalms. They were the best imprecatory psalms that anybody has ever written or could possibly hope to write. But his fighting, or his idea of fighting (a thing like jumping on his enemy's neck for instance, is second-rate and it does not seem to me that any man can fairly claim that as a means of self-expression it levels up anywhere near to the psalms.

Not that I have any prejudice against it because it is old-fashioned, or just David's way. I like fighting the way I like eating and if jumping on the necks of an enemy really worked I would do it, probably. My contention is that as an adaptation of means to ends, getting ahead of an enemy by jumping on his neck does not work. It may be natural but it's just a habit and no man who stops to think what he really wants to get out of an enemy—how he can get some real satisfaction with him, sets any great store by it. I appeal to

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any man's personal experience—as a boy, or as a man, if this is not so.

Of course it is not to be denied that at first sight there is something fetching about Dreadnoughts. They are so big and deceitful and so dignified-looking. But reduce a Dreadnought to its lowest terms,—to a small boy in the street, for instance, using his fists on some other small boy because he is too stupid or lazy to understand him, and anybody—any grown person going by would feel like stepping in and pointing out some better way—some way that would work better. And of course what holds good for a small boy in getting what he wants holds good for a nation in getting it.

The first thing to do with an enemy is to pick out the particular thing he has that one wants most and then think up the best and most thorough way to get it. To reduce the matter to its lowest terms and speak of it personally, it seems to me that what it all practically amounts to—at least for me, is this:

The one thing I want of an enemy most, I find, usually when I look into it,—is to finish him. I want to wipe him out as an enemy. I do not want him to look wiped out, nor do I want him to palm off on me a few simple, humble, wiped-out looking actions. I want to fight to a finish.

And it always works out in about the same way, fighting to a finish. I find it never seems to be enough for me, with an enemy, to whip his body. I want to whip *him*. And a little simple thoughtless thing like jumping on his neck or like hacking meat off the outside of him never seems to last long enough. It does not touch a man's imagination to jump on his neck. He never seems to realize how important I am when I jump on his

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neck. He just gently stops realizing anything. And making him realize is the real fun in it for me. Going and standing by his grave and thinking there by myself all cold and lonely, how I have licked him, is not filling. And of course I can't call down to him there under the wreaths and the mown grass and start him up thinking how superior I am. *Oh! how I want him where I can watch him feeling licked!*

And what is more, I want to lick him in such a thorough unexpected and fetching way that he'll just have to stop while I'm doing it, tell me I'm an artist, make me an offer on the spot, ask me if I don't want to join in with him and lick some other fellow. Then between us we would lick the world.

II

War—regular humdrum war—is a low-spirited, scared institution.

Hard fighters hate it.

A soldier or gun-thinker is a man who has no courage about himself—his ability to make people see things, and no courage about others—their ability to come to see them. So he backs down and fights.

I knew a captain of a schooner once who put a little engine in it and one day in a dead calm ten miles out to sea, the engine wouldn't go. He puttered and swore awhile and then all suddenly—nobody looking—there came a great noise and everybody turned and looked, and there he was, poor fellow—thrashing that engine with a crowbar.

He lost his courage.

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Nations do it.

War is a nation's discouraged way of expressing itself. War is a nation's confession that its literature has failed, that its editors cannot write, that its funny papers are outwitted, that its artists cannot draw, that its banks cannot lend money, that its canning factories, engineers, bridge-builders and inventors are not formidable, that its statesmen cannot think, its diplomats cannot talk, that its religious leaders or experts in seeing through people, its spiritual engineers in excavating common ground for people, its inventors of brains for nations, have turned their backs and run.

Birmingham Alabama is the best way to touch the imagination of the South to Northern character and a united country and to what Northern and Southern character can do together; and Booker Washington has been the best way for the South to touch the imagination of the North with its race problem.

War is a Crowbar.

We keep peace with Japan because our electric lights, motors, railroads, banks, Bibles, markets, schools, steam-hammers, faiths and dredges have touched Japan's imagination. Our war problem is how to make our Bibles mean more and our dredges better—work our Bibles into our dredges. The first nation that supplies itself with competent capital—capital that can make labor want to work, and competent labor—labor that can make capital want to pay, will get a third more done in a day (with the same strength) than any other nation can do. Nobody on earth can afford to interrupt it. Screws and buttons, potatoes and milk shall make Japan and Russia afraid.

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To fight people, see a third quicker what they want than they can. Don't cannonade them. Get inside them. Be their breath, be bread and butter to them, radium, eyes and feet. Vail, wilson and taylor and debs them. X-ray and burbank them. Stay at home against them with twenty million men who put ten days in a week.

Not a thing men use that shall not be busy everywhere every day making nations afraid of us. Motor cars and harvesting machines shall go wheeling about, swinging the fear of America—a peaceful, glorious and happy fear through all the earth. We shall conquer our enemies in their own dooryards by their own firesides, by serving them better than they can serve themselves.

* * * *

This is my idea of war. There's no real fun in licking a man until one can get him to like it and join in and help. If what one wants to do with an enemy is to break through the walls of his being and assail, conquer and possess his imagination, the whole secret inside works in the man:—fight him to a finish—wipe him out as an enemy, this is the only way to do it.

I wish this were a little idea of my own, but alas, Matthew 5:44, and all the other places readers of MOUNT TOM know without looking up.

III

Everything I have said about war between individuals and between nations holds equally true of war between classes, of civil war in factories, and of war between Labor and Capital.

The way for Labor to fight Capital is to touch the imagination of Capital, to make Capital see

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that it has a big job, to make Capital see that no big job in this country, or in any other, can be done with money to-day, except by big men—men who know values and create and bring out values and reward them in laboring men: men who are big enough to appreciate laboring men, to live their lives with them, to share their profits squarely and openly with them, keep easily, as a matter of course, and a matter of common business efficiency, the confidence, enthusiasm and co-operation of the labor they depend on in running the business.

The fundamental labor question is, How can Labor so conduct itself, as to touch the imagination of Capital and bring Capital to terms, make Capital see its rights?

A very great many of the ways that Labor is taking of late to get Capital to notice Labor, to touch the imagination of Capital with what Labor could do and what service Labor could render Capital if it tried, are touching the imagination of Capital in precisely the wrong way. They are filling Capital with an unreasoning and stupid fear of Labor, and making Capital expect less of Labor than they ever expected before.

All these ways are merely postponing what Labor wants. They may be said to be natural enough—even excusable enough, but they are not thought out, they are a mere habit. They are conventional and humdrum and they are not up-to-date.

The regular humdrum way of touching the imagination of the Czar of Russia—of getting him to notice people, is supposed to be to blow his head off. But it's not thorough. All it does is to scatter his brains idly about. Nothing comes of

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it. Then another head is promptly put up that will have to be blown off. And so round and round and on and on forever. No wonder Russia never gets on.

IV

It is curious, but if one takes two opposite ideas and carries either one of them relentlessly through to its logical conclusion, to its fulfillment, one is almost sure to get a third idea which will have a family resemblance to them both. This third idea or offspring of two contradictory ideas is apt to be the Truth. Truth is always a conception, a vision or fusion or new birth from what look (to many people) like a couple of lies—that is a couple of frightfully unfinished truths that had a mutual consuming desire—not to be any more unfinished than they could help.

This principle applies to War and Peace.

If one looks over any group of say a hundred people with the idea of picking out of the hundred, the best fighters and the best lovers, it would almost always turn out the same way. They would be the same people. It may be odd but it is certainly true; Fighting and loving go together.

It seems that the thing we are going to learn next—most of us, is to fight beautifully and to love relentlessly. Every man who has a little self-respect or awe before his own life, loves himself relentlessly. He is going to try it on other people—on his enemies, after this, and even on his friends.

This is what is coming over the spirit of the world to-day about war between business men, between labor and capital, and between

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nations. It is a new kind of victory, now, that men are fighting for.

If I were asked by some kind inquiring person (Somebody please ask me now!) what I would put down as the main considerations in fighting for victory, I would put down I think, for the time being the following

RULES FOR VICTORY.

(1) I would put it down as a first principle; War is not going to be cured by people who do not like to fight. It is only going to be cured by people who fight so well that nobody knows its fighting—that is by people who can use smokeless or spiritual methods.

(2) The way to fight a man to-day is to bewilder him with understanding him, to say something to him that makes him suddenly feel as he is going to hit you, that it's not you that's there and that he is'nt there. He sees from what you say that he is somebody he didn't think he was and so are you! This is what might be called fighting. If a man proposes to hit you, see through him and make everybody standing by see through him, until he is afraid to hit you.

(3) Victory in war consists (in the last analysis) in making a man believe you know more about what he wants than he does and in picking out some expert practical consecutive way of getting him to believe it. If a man wants your head, you will try to show him how much more, when he thinks of it, he would rather have your money and if he wants your money you will try to show him how much more money he could get probably, if he had your head. To fight a man

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to-day throw a world at his feet. Make something, create something he wants and fight him with that. Put his world—a nice new world for him, like a million dollar bill on the sidewalk out there before him with a string tied on it. Then when he reaches down for it, pull—pull his dear little world away! Then talk with him. Try to make him think. Let him edge over into an inquiring state of mind.

Then when you have proved that you can make things for him that he wants, that you have worlds up your sleeve, he wants to fight with you instead of against you.

(4) Fighting to-day is the manly art of so handling a big imagination that it can touch a small one and make it feel suddenly new and strange and happy—make the small imagination almost like a big one for a minute—one swift minute so that it does not want the thing at all, it wanted when it began fighting.

The way to touch a small imagination is to surround it with an army of things that you see first, on every side, so that it cannot escape. If you stand before a man and make a few passes with words, or a look or two, and show him that you know what he thinks he is concealing from you in his own mind, that you know what he has come out against you for, if you show him that you have a complete list of all the things he is afraid to have happen to him, that you have a long row up your mind of the things you know he does not want people to know about him, if you have the power to X-ray him, picture him all over inside to himself, to make him feel made of glass, to put him up on a billboard before the world, to

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caricature him sky high against a nation, to make an international moving picture—a Film of him, and if he knows that you will do this too, with fairness, with honest relentless love—and even lovableness and persuasiveness, so that people would rather believe you than believe him—you have gained the victory.

Note: One should not use any more of one's victory than one has to. It should be suggested rather than used.

One should faithfully avoid spectators—at first—and bear in mind how uncomfortable it must be for an enemy not to feel superior.

The best way to realize this is to keep up good steady habits of not feeling superior oneself. (There are plenty of conveniences for this.)

And finally if one wants to put an enemy in an inquiring state of mind one does it best by being there oneself.

To put it briefly, nearly all of the qualities you think your enemy ought to have are ones that very largely will have to be caught by him from you while you are fighting him with them.

I was just going to make a fifth rule—one about smokelessness,—a rule for X-raying or seeing-through fighting, but I do not feel like a rule. I find I can only speak for myself. I can only say what I look forward to as a fighter.

I want to be so thorough when I fight that my enemy himself before he gets through with my seeing through him, helps me. I want to make him see through himself. I want licking a man—when I lick him, to last. Licking him and keeping him licked until he likes it, is my ideal. There is some fun in that. At its best of course a licking is something that only he and I can do together.

I have come to want too, something a little different lately in the way of fighting to a finish. I want if I can, before I get through, to pummel a man into loving me and incidentally (so that he can manage to do it) I want to pummel myself into some sort of shape I could be loved in, into

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somebody that he or anybody would really like to be like.

Finally—as a parting shot, I rather dote, with an enemy, on suddenly loving him myself! There is a sense of getting something out of nothing when one is loving an enemy, a half humble, half proud feeling—well, those of us who have tried it —who have had a few flashes of it, now and then, know that there is nothing like it. Five minutes of really loving down through into an enemy is as good as a whole lifetime of merely puttering along loving one's friends.

It makes one see so many things about the world and about people, that one had been cheated out of before!

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CHRIST AND NEW YORK

When one thinks of it, very few arrangements have yet been made for seeing or knowing or meeting Christ in New York. The ways that have been worked out so far for getting boys and girls —a vast crowd—a million boys and girls in New York to know or to think of Christ or to guess what Christ is like, cannot be taken seriously.

Christmas probably is the best one.

But it is very sad—spending a Christmas in New York.

Who would ever get an idea of what Christ was like from a New York Christmas, or an idea that He was majestic enough or sublime enough or powerful enough to go with a mighty city like New York, or practical enough to determine what New York should be like and really be a Saviour—that is, really be what He says He is?

The country belfries have their Christmas, a very pretty, well enough Christmas, holly wreaths, and carols and sleighrides and stockings and Santa Claus.

But I want a Christmas that goes with New York!

Why should Christmas—that imperious moment in the world when with a child's cry and a woman's smile God turned the earth over and began a new human race—why should Christmas be tucked away in men's minds as a feebly pretty country sentiment, a woman's holiday, a baby's frolic—the sublimest event on earth thrust playfully into the bottom of a stocking?

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The challenge goes out from a world of men to the churches. We want a men's Christmas, a Christmas that goes with the Singer Tower, with the ring of the subways under New York, with the mighty railway stations, with the Imperator, with Hell Gate Bridge—all those stern and splendid prayers in steel and stone, of men.

We appeal to the churches for a big arresting believing Christmas, we seek a Christ who grapples with the things and the men we see about us every day, with the shrewd hopes, the sublime risks, the visions and desires of the deep hearted city.

Every Christmas morning, now, behind Santa Claus's jolly smile in New York I see Christ's sad one. I hear the bells climbing up and saying over and over to New York, "Christ was born nineteen hundred and thirteen years ago to-day!"

In my heart, as I look about me I count the years out and say them over—"Nineteen hundred years ago to-day!"

I am waiting for one single church bell be it ever so simple or even tinkly, down under these awful cliffs of stone and glass, that I shall hear singing gaily up through the roar, up through the bottomless absent-minded city—singing to the stone and to the glass, "Christ is born *TO-DAY*!!"

The carols all begin so, but shepherds that were alive two thousand years ago and angels that were never exactly alive at all, are supposed to be singing them to us.

Everything seems so far away. Everything is in the country. How many are there out of all the choir boys, and all the ministers and the good women who, while they are singing about Christ's Christmas are really seeing theirs—a Christmas

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for the Woolworth Building, how many are there who are really feeling while they sing, that Christ is born to-day—for the Hotel Astor, that a saviour is here now at last, who can do something with Times Square, the Italian Quarter, Riverside Drive, the Tombs or Wall Street?

I wish the bells would keep still a minute, and think! I am weary of a noisy, gaily heartless Christmas, dolls in our stockings, candy in our mouths, bells in our ears—all to keep us from thinking, all to keep us from looking at facts, and from facing New York the way Christ would.

One cannot help wondering what Christ would think of it, going about hearing all these good people singing about his beautiful dead birthday. All these crowded city children singing about how he was born in the country. He would silence the bells and stop the music, I believe. I believe He would ask people to look at New York now, to look up with Him at the Woolworth Building, look up with Him at the flaming whirl of Broadway,—with Him at the mountain of taxi's up Fifth Avenue, at the flood of the faces of men and women and children in the Bowery, and He would tell the children and the people that He was not a mere country saviour, that He gloried in New York, that He loved and believed in New York and that he was Man enough and God enough to hold and conquer and save New York. And then while he spoke, the carols would be silent and the people would be silent.

And then when they believed Him, that would be their Christmas.

It would be a men's Christmas.

Religion consists to-day in getting Christ out of the hands of women and children into the hands

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of grown men and fighters, in moving Christ in from the country.

In the meantime, if we may be borne with, hanging as it were—for the great grim city, a stocking on the corner of the Metropolitan Tower, does not strike us as a Christmas for New York. Neither does a mere mantel-piece Christmas or giving dolls to children who ought to have play-grounds, caramels when they need air, cards with Jesus on them, mottoes when they need milk and beef, schools and religion—religion—something happy and real and serious to believe all day and all night about New York while they live in it.

We seek a Christ who goes with the lift and wonder of our cities, with their reach and glory and expectations. A Christmas that is afraid of us, and suspicious of democracy or crowds, that is tremulous about New York, that does not dare tackle a big serious, actual, social, human fact, like a sky-scraper, with its religion, a Christmas that in its secret heart longs for dells to be good in, prefers village-greens for God and all those dear old, little, gentle, cross-road altars we will not be put off with. . . . .

* * * *

There may be touches in the New Testament which, taken by themselves, might seem to shut Christ away for all practical purposes, as a country Saviour. If one thinks of local color, or of the little concrete things about Him, of His language and metaphors, He is a Saviour who goes with mangers, corn, lilies, sheep, cattle, orchards and mountains and even when He speaks

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of cities, or of crowds or when He weeps over Jerusalem, He speaks of a hen with her chickens. And so for hundreds of years at a time, people have. They have fallen into taking the New Testament as a back-to-the-soil argument, faint and full of suspicion and weariness toward cities and toward crowds.

But there is nothing in the attitude of Christ Himself toward a crowd that favors this idea.

Jesus was crowded the very first minute of His life and He was never away from crowds at all, apparently, except a few minutes at a time, until He died. He was born in a crowd, He died in one, nearly everything He did was done with a crowd looking on. He seems to have been allowed very few quiet words alone with people, and even on mountains, which are the natural place to go to get away from crowds, vast slow wandering cities of people followed Him.

I have been looking at the Van der Weyde pictures of New York at night. They give one the sudden sense of seeing New York as it really is. New York stirs one while one looks, like some mighty host, like a battle—that vast all-enfolding, bottomless, roofless darkness reaching out and rolling in—the fierce, eager, mighty little city beating it off—long flails of light called streets, millions of little port holes all firing away at the blackness, beating it off! . . . .

And down beneath all those golden, glowing floods of people!

And when I look upon New York in this way, look upon that stupendous fighting spirit in it, fighting against the air, against the sea, that huge conquering will toward Nature, toward human nature, iron, copper, radium, icebergs, trusts,

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. . . New York struggling like some dim splendid god, with chemistry, geology, astronomy, hitching up the clouds, melting down the earth, and butting up into the sky, I feel suddenly very lonely about what is supposed to do for a Christmas for New York.

And when I go into a chapel and look about me at what is supposed to be a Saviour for New York, and hear the good people about me singing a hymn, "Knocking, knocking, who is there?" and when I find that they are presenting this kind of a Saviour, gravely, sadly, wearily, as a Saviour for New York, an innocent, helpless, bewildered Saviour for the great city, I am filled with sorrow, and then with a sudden glad anger I find myself saying, "I will not have a country Saviour. I will not worship or try to get others to worship a Saviour who says 'Please,' to New York, an ineffectual, plaintive person, a lovely outsider, clinging and teasing for souls, pulling and nagging faintly at the mighty city fearing it cannot be good!"

Perhaps the reason that boys are getting out of the Sunday-Schools and churches as quick as they can, is that a clinging or lady-like religion does not interest them. Perhaps the reason that Christmas, except as a kind of annual little heaven for department stores, does not interest grown men in New York, is that these same men daily, hourly are believing and acting as if they believed big, faithful and daring things for New York and they do not want to stop or be interrupted by a Christmas that feels afraid of business and of business men and of splendid manful, iron-hearted cities.

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The people in New York to-day who are really having a Christmas, who are really confessing Christ in it, are the people in it, inside the Churches or out, who are believing the biggest things for New York, who have staked New York off for Christ, who have assailed the city with the Golden Rule, with big motives, with high service, and who are taking it for granted every day and hour in private business, in public affairs that men and religion and Christ and New York belong together.

The Christmas these men have, is the only Christmas that is big enough or that has gusto enough, to claim for its own a great ringing, manly book like the New Testament.

So here is the Christmas challenge of the men of New York!

To the men and women of sterner stuff who have the authority over this world that comes of believing in it,—to the men who are fearless and expectant before crowds, who are uncowed by steel and glass, and humble only before God, we appeal from the churches to *you* for a Christ that goes with New York!

To your churches, Catholic and Protestant, visible and invisible; to your banks, trade-unions, socialists, poets, and priests; to your young men thronging through the great schools; to your teachers, fathers, your young mothers; to the little boys playing in the streets—we send out this Christmas challenge for a Christ that goes with New York!

To editors who hold the great gates to the people; to reporters who trace the first faint footsteps of God down the city streets; to cartoonists; to novelists, movie-men, humorists, and

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prophets—New York, with all its chimneys and crosses, its hells and boy choirs, sends out this Christmas challenge to You, that you shall search out for it, shall place and keep on high before it where all may watch across a nation, our men of vision, our statesmen or crowd—men in business, our city-inventors, our God-engineers, our men who shall give us the news about ourselves, who shall organize the visions of the people, gather up the wills of crowds, and move Christ in from the country.

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MOUNT TOM BULLETIN BOARD

The Editor of MOUNT TOM has been fighting for twenty years for his supposed visionary interpretation of The American people. And at last they have answered back. Perhaps it will interest the old regular Mount Tommers—the people who have been taking lonesome walks with the editor all these years, to see crowds, just this once, on the Mountain. So he has invited Doubleday, Page & Co., who are acting as Personal Conductors for "Crowds" in this country, to bring them up.

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AN EXPERIENCE MEETING OF READERS OF CROWDS

"WINDY BOSH:" "Crowds" is a forbidding tome of 561 closely printed pages, in which the author records a vast mass of incoherent and banal reflections upon the general subject of democratic society. He is always giving warning that something sagacious and revolutionary is coming, but it is always lost in transit. . . .

. . . And so on and so on, for page after page and chapter after chapter — a veritable avalanche of vague, New Thoughty rumble-bumble. . . .

. . . Thousands of well-meaning but unreflective persons, plowing through "Crowds" laboriously, come to the conclusion that it is highly profound. But its actual intellectual content is often but little above that of a second-rate college yell. . . . — Baltimore *Sun*.

. . . An agitating and memorable book, filled with live formulas and arrowy truths. . . . — *T. P.'s Weekly* (London).

The most religious book published in this country since Uncle Tom's Cabin — *Life*.

Mr. Lee has done in this book something comparable to what Kipling did in the Nineties, when he made us see the romance of steam, and the loyalties and codes of soldiers and department officials. Gerald Stanley Lee helps us to see the romance of business, and the codes and loyalties which bind together the great industrial fabrics.

Like Kipling, he is a poet; but he is a prose-poet, which makes him, when he is not eloquent, a little absurd. — Chicago *Evening Post*.

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The writer is built on a big scale, like his own America. He is, in fact, the very spirit of America, in its dash, its boisterous hopefulness, its sublime audacities. Entirely American is his dealing with personalities. The notabilities of the States and of England are handled with an amazing frankness. . . .

Mr. Lee's idea of the superman is set out with a force, an originality, a sense of the real inwardness of things, as compared with their mere outwardness, which is genius. . . . — *Christian World* (London).

As much a distillation of genius as anything Carlyle or Ruskin or Gœthe ever wrote.

Most generations have had to die before anybody could understand them. But this generation is more fortunate. It is able to understand itself because a few great souls have given it books to understand itself with.

An age which has such books as "Crowds" and "Leaves of Grass" written about it, in which to know itself, has not the excuse of other ages for blundering off into the tomb, disgraced, defeated, and ashamed.

In "Crowds" the present generation becomes conscious of itself, and its most liberal energies will find release.

Lee may have the vision of a Wordsworth, the mental strength of a Kelvin, the spirit of Jesus, and the aloofness of a Landor, but he has made himself a child of his own time, entered down into the depths of his own era, shouldered its blunders and stupidities and sins upon himself; has wrestled with it, struggled with it, mastered it, and has now emerged with it purified, glorified, translated, and done into a book — Richmond *Palladium.*

When greatness comes your way do you flatter yourself that you know it and at once take your hat off? . . . Here is that precious thing, a new thought and a new word; here is a man daring to be himself, and daring, moreover, to talk unfeignedly from his soul and tell us the truth as it appears to him, without bothering at all whether any one else ever had similar thoughts or feelings since Noah slipped moorings and made for Ararat. — Richard Burton in the *Bellman.*

If a man cannot sing, Mr. Lee says, let the man keep silence: 'only men who are singing things shall do them.' . . . But

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Mr. Lee is all for the singers, and he sings himself and many other things. He sings loud and soulfully, ore rotundo; 550 pages of song, a jumble of models from Ecclesiasticus, Carlyle, Whitman. His song of the skyscrapers: . . .

Such stuff defies comment; you like it or you don't. If you like it, you are labelled and had better keep still about it in thoughtful company. It is in bad taste, because it is not sincere. — New York *Sun.*

It is by its angle, and its emphasis, and by the sort of future it suggests, that Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee's readers will judge the message which he delivers with such volcanic sincerity in these pages. — *Morning Post* (London).

Mr. Lee is likened sometimes to Emerson, sometimes to Carlyle, and with respect to the tax he puts on imagination there is a likeness in both cases. But there is also a faint curious trace of a third writer, oddly different from either, Oscar Wilde, which serves to unite him to our own time, but adds to the complexity of the formula. That he is as sincere as the older writers we need not question, but his sincerity takes a different form: it has not the simple earnestness of the day of Carlyle and Emerson, — preaching has become a far more difficult thing in our sophisticated time, and a preacher is not allowed to take himself too seriously. — Springfield *Republican.*

The book has clutch to it — no mistaking that. The passionate sincerity of it is something you cannot evade. Every page is peppered with good things, things divinatory, wonderful generalizations, startling particularizations. — St. Louis *Mirror.*

The note that Whitman struck when he was most patriotic and aroused, or that Edward Carpenter achieves when he is at his best, is the one which Mr. Lee, by some miracle, holds throughout the book. Not that he is equally felicitous throughout 560 pages, or expects the vibrations of his readers to remain undiminished for so great a length of time as that required for the reading of his volume, but that, having seen a vision, he is able to retain it in his soul's eye and to interpret its meanings with spontaneous and impassioned eloquence. . . . — Chicago *Tribune.*

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"But Tell Me What 'Tis All About, Quoth Little Peterkin?"

I have failed to make much headway in my attempt to read "Crowds." So far as I can make head or tail of it, the whole book is a sententious discussion of the self-propounded question:

"Aldelorontuphoscophornis.

Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?"

Certainly Mr. Lee's book is a trifle obscure. Those grappling with it must be prepared to immerse their cogitative faculties in cogibundity of cogitation. — *Story Book.*

"Crowds" consists of six hundred pages of hustled philosophy, and the reader must be in the best of mental condition to keep up with its pace. . . . — *Melbourne Victoria* (Australia).

. . . Gerald Stanley Lee's book is full of "wild seraphic fire" — it burns and toils and intensifies itself through all its maze of books, parts, and chapters. It is rather a prose-poem than an argument, or it is an argument conducted on the plane of vision and prophecy.

. . . This is a new book in the sense that it is unlike any other modern; a big book because it deals with an immense subject in a great brave way; a problem that has baffled, appalled, and even overthrown gigantic intellects in all ages. — Dundee *Advertiser.*

A fat volume of some six hundred pages, filled to the brim with vague windymush. The rev. gent. — he is, I believe, in holy orders — performs in the best sacerdotal manner. That is to say, he clothes commonplace and often downright silly thoughts in ornate and stuffy garments, and so gives them a false air of importance. He is always announcing the obvious in terms of the revolutionary, and with all the typographical trappings of a blood-tub dime novel. . . .

We hear about the Economic Machine, Whirling Unbelief, the Sidewalk of Truth, the Golden Rule Before and After Taking, the Meat Trust, the Blackness, the Lonely Hunger, and all the other familiar scarecrows and hobgoblins of the Uplift. The author describes for us, with great particularity, just where and when this or that Great Thought was hatched in him — how he sat on a bench in the zoo at Regent's Park on a day in 1911 and achieved the staggering idea that "possibly people are as different from one another inside, in their souls at least, as dif-

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ferent as these animals are"; how he once walked down Fleet Street to Ludgate Hill and was flabbergasted by the sudden riddle "Where are we going?" And toward the end, he announces the greatest discovery of all, to wit: . . .

Well, well, don't laugh too soon! The odds are that . . . "Crowds" will have a large sale in our fair republic. . . .

. . . The way to get a reputation for sagacity is to translate platitudes into mystical rumble-bumble. That exhorter whose meaning is plain at first hearing, that propagandist who thinks his thoughts out clearly and puts them into sound and simple English, has a hard time catching the crowd. The taste of the moment is for more subtle and puzzling stuff — for nonsensical gabble about Avatars, Oversouls and Zeitgeists, for copybook maxims with their eyebrows penciled and feathers stuck in their hats, for long rows of meaningless italics and capitals, for mellow, Maeterlinckian cadenzas on penny whistles, and the platitudinous flapdoodle of the Rev. Dr. Orison Sweet Marden. . . . —*The Smart Set.*

. . . It is a remarkable book, written in American Carlylese, which, although at first it irritates, if one will persevere with it open-mindedly becomes really fascinating. Mr. Lee is an American with a wonderful gift for crushing his views of life into nutshell paragraphs. Often there are as many as a dozen nutshell paragraphs on a page. Then follow elaborations, many of them original and arresting, as much by their style as their matter. There is an amazing amount of thought in the book.— *Yorkshire Post.*

. . . Mr. Lee is both brilliant and original in thought and expression, and whatever he chooses to discuss is treated from an entirely individual point of view. In his initial chapter he explains how he came to write the book, assuring us that "no man living in a world as interesting as this ever writes a book if he can help it." Readers in general will be thankful that Mr. Lee couldn't "help it." These epigrammatic essays have the flavor of Chesterton with a strong suggestion of Bernard Shaw. Mostly, however, they are Gerald Stanley Lee — strikingly individual and full of snap and sparkle. . . . — San Francisco (Cal.) *Bulletin.*

There is a good deal that suggests Carlyle in "Crowds," and

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notably those chapters in Book Five which pour out contempt upon the House of Commons, and by implication upon all legislative assemblies. Perfectly Carlylean is the comparison made between Oxford Street, which hums, in the author's picturesque phraseology, and the House of Commons, which hems. It would be doing less than justice to Mr. Lee, however, to suggest that his book is primarily an imitative one. — *The Nation*, New York.

. . . It is much like Montaigne's delightful pages; that is, it has the same charm, the same originality of expression about the commonplace things. . . . It is this that makes the book renowned around the world. It is the poetry of truth, the imagination applied to realities. . . . — Los Angeles (Cal.) *Times*.

Now here is a book of nearly six hundred pages. I am wrestling with the problem of compressing it into two columns. There are whole chapters that I should like to print on the front page of the *Times* or the *Daily Mail*. There are sentences in this book that I should like to hang up in waiting-rooms, and leave lying about in public places. I'm just dying to meet somebody who will let me talk to them for a couple of hours on a stretch about it.

It was this way: I didn't know it was a different kind of a book from other books, and I took it up as unsuspectingly as though I were handling a Sunday-school story. And all at once I found that the writer was saying things — things that meant something, things that mattered. I said to myself, "He can't keep this up." But he did — for five hundred and ninety-five pages.

. . . . . .

How good it is to meet with writing such as this that leaves the beaten tracks of thought and turns our old truisms upside down! It's tiring, I grant you. I've been floored with epigrams, and picked up and comforted with parables. I've had all my mental furniture taken out, spring-cleaned, and put back in different places. I'm sore and tired, and breathless and happy. I wish I could tell you all about it — *Labour Leader* (London).

. . . The big thing about this book is you are not going to

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read it without having your thinking machinery started. Every page, every paragraph, every sentence almost is a challenge. Often it is a very saucy, impertinent challenge. The author will say something, and then it is as though he dares you to agree with him and he defies you to disagree with him.

It is this that gives a book its value. You are not going to be the same after you have read it that you were before. You will think different thoughts, or if you persist in thinking your old thoughts they won't be quite the same to you. One chapter jars you out of the old ruts. The world of men and women and of social and commercial systems will never look quite the same as before you opened "Crowds." — *Press Knicker.*

. . . The opening chapter asks the question, "Where are we going?" It begins with a rapid, racy and highly vivid sketch of London when Mr. Lee slips over from New York, and finds himself, almost before he had thought of it, walking down the Strand, suddenly, instead of Broadway. Not all Americans see like this; in fact, only one American can, and his name is Gerald Stanley Lee and no other. . . .

. . . It may be a rather queer jumble, this brief and unusual description, but somehow when we go to Ludgate Circus again we shall have to see the familiar St. Paul's, and the railway bridge, and the wide flowing river of people as we never saw them before. . . . — Leicester *Pioneer* (England).

Once upon a time men were wont to take things easily, but that was before Rockefeller, Carnegie, Morgan and Co. grew richer and bought the world. Had Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee lived in those days he would probably have spent a quiet, restful life editing and annotating a new edition of Hobbs's "Leviathan." As it is, Mr. Lee has apparently taken it into his head, early one evening, to write a book about democracy. He has retired to a quiet corner — if such a thing is to found in New York — and been extra busy for a considerable number of hours. Toward dawn he has laid down his patent self-filling fountain pen, leant back in his chair, and remarked to himself, "I said I would write that book, and I guess I've done it."

. . . . Yet behind its trying and, at times, ridiculous Yankeeism lies a distinct contribution to the literature of democracy. — *Melbourne Victoria* (Australia).

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. . . Now it is not every one who climbs to the roof of the world and breaks through the manhole in it, and I am inclined to think that the first breath of air one took in that uncommon situation would be apt to take one's own breath away. Mr. Lee, indeed, seems scarcely to have recovered his through the 600 pages of his treatise, and in this predicament it cannot be easy to instruct one's audience in a simple, coherent, and convincing manner.

. . . The Crowd Man "will probably be a kind of everyday great man or business statesman, the man who represents all classes, and who proves it in the way he conducts his business." Whether he is to be here, or in America, or everywhere, I do not quite make out. He is to be an interpreter of skyscrapers: . . . .

He shall reckon with skyscraper men. He shall interpret men that belong with skyscrapers. I have waked in the dawn, and my heart has been glad with the iron and poetry in the skyscrapers!

In the name and by the blessed memory of Walt — No!

I also have waked in the dawn, and my heart has been sorry with the transcendental transcribings of the transcontinental transcribblers. — *Daily Chronicle.*

. . . It is a vertiginous, chaotic, cinematographic book, a combination of the snap-shot and the poem that carries us well toward futurism. — Springfield *Republican.*

You have, perhaps, paused sometimes on a street corner beside a crowd gathered about a speaker standing elevated in its midst, one wild of mien, gesticulating madly, pouring forth a torrent, lurid with emphasis, of chaotic utterance. Strange and startling has been the rushing confusion of his metaphor. Bizarre and fascinating his amazing jumble of allusions, in support of his whirling argument, to everything on the earth's surface, and in the heavens above and the waters beneath. Rich and fantastic his rolling clouds of pronouns in reckless confusion, one with another. Then, perhaps, as you have stood, held somehow as by a spell by this picturesque phenomenon, analogous, as it were, to some volcanic eruption of nature, you have felt the struggling movement of a real idea in this vociferous flood. And then the gentleman's roar for a moment has beat upon you unheeded while you have contemplated as in a

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quiet place the substance of his thought. Very much such an experience as this has been ours with this strange book. This writer, writing continually at the top of his voice, indeed in a regular yell, has got hold here of an alluring idea, an idea capable of endless, curious, striking, and philosophic application.

The idea of "Sartor Resartus," the world seen as clothes, is hardly a more spectacular and spacious vehicle for the interpretation by the imagination of the universe than this idea of the world seen as crowds. . . . — New York *Tribune.*

. . . A huge, incoherent, and optimistic study of democracy. It is really the most impossible of books to review in any detail, because it is just one enormous jumble of ordinary, fantastic, and acute ideas. Mr. Lee is American to his fingertips, and he does not spare us an ounce of his nationality. He is cheerful, slangy, dogmatic, strenuous — and all the other things we expect from a typical American. And he is also, as I said, crammed full of all sorts of notions which come tumbling on the heels of one another like an avalanche. His very first paragraph is a kind of trumpet-call of his belief. . . . In its own way (and I don't quite know what that way is) it must be a remarkable performance. Reading it gives one an uneasy, bewildering sensation — rather like what one feels in a dream when one knows that something very important is taking place, but one can't actually realize what it is. For Mr. Lee is a regular fountain of energy. His thoughts bubble up from him almost before your eyes. You feel that he can't keep pace with them on the page. . . . Disquisitions on Christ, on Pierpont Morgan, on Tom Mann, on Woodrow Wilson, on Allen Upward, on Rockefeller, on Carnegie, and on a great many other people, are jammed in amongst heaps of miscellaneous opinions, assertions, and incomprehensible doctrines. It is all the wildest cataclysm — and yet it has a certain vitality and fascination. . . .

So with this final note of qualified approval we can leave the astonishing author of "Crowds." — *The Bookman* (London).

I had three copies of Inspired Millionaires presented to me by enthusiasts who implored me to write up Mr. Lee and add to my humble reputation, and the consequence is I have not yet

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read Inspired Millionaires and feel irritable when I hear Mr. Stanley Lee's name mentioned. This week Messrs. Methuen send me a new book of Mr. Lee's, called "Crowds," with a fairly long typewritten letter.

There may be thousands of readers ready to acclaim Mr. Lee as "the philosopher, the poet and the prophet of the man in the street," but I have read "Crowds" with what judgment I possess held strictly in suspense, and I don't like it. . . . — Glasgow *News*.

. . . It's like a great, clumsy, violent hand trying to tear out before us the vital secrets of life. An enthusiast wrote this book, and it needs an enthusiast to understand it. . . . — *The Bookman* (London).

And now we can only suggest that each and every reader of this book must decide for himself whether or not he likes it. — *Chautauquan* (Chautaqua, N. Y.).

If Mr. Lee had never written or never writes another line, the immense gregariousness, the pure Christian brotherhood spirit of "Crowds" would make him famous. To explain his book is impossible. You can say things of it and of him, and they are true, yet only partly and inefficiently so. To understand "Crowds" you must read it. — Philadelphia *Item*.

A man by the name of Gerald Stanley Lee has written a book which he calls "Crowds." . . .

I am not sure that this mass of words really gets anywhere, that is, to any definite place, but on every page there loom questions from which you cannot escape — questions that stir your heart, your imagination or your sense of humor, what matter which — and you find yourself sitting dreamily beneath your droplight, caught in the maze, asking, with the author, "Where am I going?"

"Where do I think I want to go, and why?"

Some way he has caught the crowd spirit. He marshals his people and bids you look, and directly you are moving with leaden feet among the weary workers, your spirit is caught in faces,

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old, young, pallid, glad and hopeful, listening to the shuffling maelstrom of the crowds. — Denver (Col.) *Times.*

Are you one of the five million men — Americans of the Gerald Stanley Lee type — who helped Gerald Stanley Lee write "Crowds" (Doubleday, Page)?

If so, read "Crowds," see yourself in it and be sure to give Mr. Lee the credit. If not, read this book written between five million men under the name of one of them and be a better man for it.

"I will break through to the five million men," declares Mr. Lee. "I will make the five million men look at me until they recognize themselves." In case they fail in this respect Mr. Lee will have a brass band and the Boston Symphony Orchestra go through New York and a thousand cities with instruments playing "*Have You Read* 'CROWDS'?" — "Crowds," the book that is full to overflowing with ideas such as the following: . . . — New York *Evening Sun.*

. . . People say, "That's just what I've thought, but I couldn't say it!" Mr. Lee says it. . . . — Detroit *Free Press.*

Mr. Lee has seen Business with the eye of imagination.

Perhaps it takes a man who lives on a mountain, and goes to London for his excursions, to do this. He has a fresh vision and a habit of thinking to stand him in good stead. . . .

Well, one must concede Mr. Lee one thing. He knows the right way to approach the business man: he writes prose-poetry for him, for he knows that the typical business man is at heart a kind of minor poet. — Floyd Dell in Chicago *Evening Post.*

"Crowds" defies classification; it isn't so much this or that literary form as a man talking, a man who would be commonly described as an idealist, yet a man with that best sort of practicality: an insight into life that recognizes its true values and discovers its eternal facts beneath the modern masks. — *The Bellman.*

. . . In writing to a friend of mine, the other day, I

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frankly admitted that I had gotten enough inspiration out of the reading of "Crowds" to keep me going from now until the end of my days.

That's a lot to say about any book that has come along during the last 2000 years, but you'll understand why I said it after you have read "Crowds." It is not merely a book — it is a *force* that works in a marvellous way. . . . — A. C. G. Hammesfahr in *Collier's Weekly*.

Dr. Charles F. Aked told an immense audience of us the other day that writers are successful mainly because they dare to write what we think and don't dare.

Gerald Stanley Lee is an example. . . . — Oakland *Inquirer*

. . . And if you are in the habit of marking your books, you will mark every page of "Crowds". . . . — *Public Opinion*" (England).

One fine day in early June a Chicago business man named James Howard Kehler happened into McClurg's to buy something to read. He went away with "Crowds," Gerald Stanley Lee's new book.

Two days afterward full page advertisements of "Crowds" appeared in the Chicago newspapers. They were written and paid for, not by Doubleday, Page & Co., Mr. Lee's publishers, but by Mr. James Howard Kehler. One of the things Mr. Lee's admirer said was this:

"I have waited twenty years for somebody to write this book, meanwhile groping for it, hoping for it, doing my best to function without it, trying to live up to a book not yet written."

Mr. Kehler is evidently the kind of person who when he has read a book that he likes wants every one else to experience his pleasure. In this case his enthusiasm was deep enough to strike his pocket nerve, sufficient proof of its sincerity.

The third day after Mr. Kehler's first advertisement of "Crowds" appeared the publishers wired him to hold off and give them a chance to catch up — their presses were going all the time on "Crowds," that they were being avalanched with orders, and that the third edition wouldn't be ready for several days. . . . — New York *Morning Telegraph*.

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From announcement in *Publishers' Weekly*

"Crowds" was the best-selling book of non-fiction sold between the first of September and the first of October in

NEW YORK	DETROIT	WORCESTER
CHICAGO	SAN FRANCISCO	ST. PAUL
BALTIMORE	LOS ANGELES	SEATTLE
DALLAS	LOUISVILLE	PORTLAND (Ore.)

It ranked second in popularity among the reading public of

ST. LOUIS	BOSTON
INDIANAPOLIS	PITTSBURGH

And fourth best in

PHILADELPHIA	ROCHESTER

"Crowds" has now been America's best-selling book of non-fiction for more than six months.

From a Letter:

Department of English, The University of Minnesota

October 5.

My Dear Lee: "Crowds" is about the most encouraging spectacle that has come to my notice for years. Here is a book that I would no more expect to be popular than I would Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," and, by Gosh! *it sells!* It is proof positive that humans hunger for the higher, a truth I have always believed and tried to get into my poetry; though, of course, being poetry, only a person here and there knows it.

The book came to me just as I was leaving for the summer, and I didn't take it with me; too full up with other books necessary for a six weeks' lecture trip. So now let me thank you for it, and say I'm reading it, and that I recognize it as one of the most truly original pieces of literary work of the time, and a very noble performance indeed. Any one who fails to see that is hopelessly dedicated to mediocre stuff and is out of the running. It is literature in form, and a mighty interesting thing because of the unusualness of the form. Also, it is literature because it says a vastly true and important thing, and says it individually. You have dived down to a central fact of mod-

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ern life, fetched it up, held it high for folks to see, turned it every side around, and given us self-respect in the seeing. Gee, but that's worth doing! And right on top of it comes the miracle of the way it sells. It makes me dizzy in its implication of the good in people. How in the world they found it out, beats me. But that they did, I'm deeply glad; not for your sake alone (though to sit and hear that money come in, clinkity-clink, must be a new and intoxicating kind of music) but for everybody's sake. I abase myself before you, I, one who sell by ones and twos; I saalam, remove my shoes, whisper hoarse congratulations, back off and look at you, and say *Hush!* to those who go by as if nothing were in front of them. For, sir, you have broken the record, and made McCutcheon and Chambers look like two spots. God bless you, you have done us all good!

RICHARD BURTON.

There are 561 pages in this book, and the whole is a little more than the author's circumlocutory affirmation of the author's conviction that people ought to be good to one another! — Minneapolis *Journal.*

No fear of being ridiculous, or usual, or hackneyed withholds him from saying what he wishes to say. — Chicago *Tribune.*

Brotherhood, which is just as good business as it is morals, is Lee's keynote, and his treatment of the idea is so frank and fine, so cogent and appealing, that it all seems as simple as A B C. In short, he has got hold of a great big idea that lies right under our nose, which is why we didn't see it; and presented the idea in an original, striking way that brings it home, and will make it unforgettable. . . .

. . . The more you think about it, the more you comprehend it as a succinct, happy statement of deep truth. . . .

. . . The author calls it "a book for the individual," and he is right. It is for you and me, and therefore for everybody. A stimulating, brilliant, profound deliverance, a genuine piece of literature. — *The Bellman.*

To quote Mr. Lee's striking passages would be to reproduce the book. Nearly all are striking, and sometimes they strike so hard as to hurt. — San Francisco *Argonaut.*

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The author of "Inspired Millionaires" has a claim on our attention. Therefore we have read his present production of 600 pages, unless we have inadvertently missed a page occasionally; there is such a platitudinous sameness that we may have unintentionally done so. No one will dissent from Mr. Lee's copybook maxims, unless provoked to do so by their reiteration, but with his estimates of men and things we are certainly at variance. . . . — *The Athenæum.*

. . . The remarkable chapter entitled "The Machine Trainers" . . . is strongly reminiscent of the most notable chapters in Samuel Butler's "Erewhon," and the style has more than a flavour of the Carlylean. Lee is a thinker of uncommon imagination. . . . —*The Globe* (London).

. . . The reader may judge of Mr. Lee from these extracts. He is breezy, cheerful, persuasive, colloquial, full of American shrewdness and humour, and if now and again he is stirred to some sharp thrust or vivid invective, it seems to escape him unawares, and in a twinkling he is back on his old track, preaching serenity, hope, and belief in human nature. To get the vision down to earth is often a desperate matter, and we see him struggling valiantly with ideas that come and go, with digressions and excursions that as often as not lead nowhere and will not be subdued to any consecutive scheme. He comes to London, and all manner of ideas are suggested to him by the Dock Strike and the Railway Strike, the man in the street, and the newspapers, and the House of Commons. He goes back to America, and another set of ideas rush in upon him from Washington and New York, and the new President and Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller. Everything goes down as it comes, in a stream of lively, intimate comment which is never dull and is often brilliant. Result, a book full of life and human nature, in which the moral is everywhere and nowhere, and which is so lively and original that it compels you to read on, even when the argument escapes you. . . . — *Westminster Gazette* (London).

An altogether wonderful book, a sort of day of judgment for our modern world, in which its whole inner and outer is weighed down to the last ounce. — *Christian World* (London).

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Putting the world to rights is a very old dream.

It is a dream that comes to all of us at some time or other — mostly in flamboyant youth, sometimes in philosophic old age; rarely, if ever, in busy, prosaic middle life.

At back of the purpose of "Crowds," a book just published which will set the world thinking and talking, is the same old dream — a beautiful, illusive dream as it always seems in the end, but none the less a dream that is ever worth dreaming. . . .

. . . In short, this wonderful book, which says hopeful things and scathing things fearlessly, tells you how to save the world. . . .

. . . Face it yourself — where are you going? — and then you begin to realize what after all Gerald Stanley Lee is driving at in "Crowds." . . . — *Daily Sketch.*

This book is full of American hustle. It has the sign and note and character of American civilization. Six hundred pages of lively, epigrammatic sayings, comments, and suggestions of one sort or another.

The vigorous individuality of the author is refreshing. He is as cocksure of everything as most folk are of anything. He is announced as the poet and philosopher and interpreter of crowds, and makes a dazzling attempt to fulfil this rôle. — *Daily Herald* (London).

There are people in the United States who regard Mr. Stanley Lee as the modern incarnation of the spirit of Whitman. The present writer believes he is not the only Englishman whose opinion of Whitman has been modified by a visit to America. One had formerly regarded him as unique, or at least as a vast unique expression of the national spirit in its noblest form. One's admiration for him remains, but in the actual modern America one has found hundreds of little Whitmans, and by going farther would have found millions. Everywhere one encountered commonplace embodiments of that audacious spirit, men who talked in large, vague terms about fellowship, individualism, national self-consciousness, and the genial love of your neighbour — men who dwelt at length on the subject of teeming cities, tilled fields, and pioneers of progress, while they toyed with their coffee-cups or their cigars. They were not all Walt Whitmans, but in showing the common origin of

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the poet's sentiments they made one aware that he, too, is not lacking in that braggadocio which is an American quality. The same large assertiveness appears in any general conversation. It is demanded from preachers and orators. No man could hope to be elected President unless he could administer enormous doses of this violent and windy rhetoric.

Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee, as the publishers inform us, has been called "the most remarkable American writer since Walt Whitman." There have been better American books, but perhaps none more remarkable. A man could hardly believe it possible that this book could have been really popular who had not heard Mr. Roosevelt make popular speeches to vast audiences. But one is bound to admire Mr. Lee's writing for the same reason that one admires Mr. Roosevelt's oratory — for the extraordinary physical vitality that it betrays. For six hundred pages Mr. Lee maintains the same loud, strident tone, shouting about himself and his ideas and his emotions and his hopes for his expectant fellow-creatures, without faltering, without a sign of fatigue. He has mastered the easy Whitmanesque rhythm. His thundering sentences are alternately long and short, rolling forth with Delphic confidence. He embraces all mankind and all human energy with unfailing magnanimity. He believes in the heroic individual. He believes in the crowd. Whitman, Carlyle, and Mr. Chesterton have together formed his style and bolstered him up in his assertive optimism. . . .

. . . But what is really interesting about his book is not the matter, but the manner. This sort of thing "goes down," we are assured, with the American crowd. This sort of egoistic, fantastic, assertive tub-thumping receives attention; it creates upon the jaded intelligence the violent shock necessary to awake it from intellectual fatigue. The American newspapers — and, indeed, we have such newspapers in England — make the same sort of appeal by dint of repeated shocks upon both the eye and the mind. Theodore Roosevelt has this knack of speech in his popular oratory. Mr. Taft, who had the support of many millionaires, was handicapped by not possessing this gift of rhetoric. In a writer who has absorbed Whitman, Nietzsche, and Mr. Chesterton it is mingled with the dithyrambic note observable in the following: . . .

Mr. Lee has not misunderstood his public. His own success is evidence that he has gauged it rightly. The language of the

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American newspapers, the speeches of Mr. Roosevelt, support his view. The question is: what about that portion of the public which can only be effectively addressed in this way? We in England cannot afford to throw stones, but if we are to reckon with American sentiment it is worth while to know what sort of problem confronts American educationists. Mr. Lee's book should help us. — *The New Statesman* (London).

Mr. Lee reminds us of Mr. Robert Blatchford. He is not so direct. He is not so well informed. He deals in theories where Mr. Blatchford dealt either with facts or what might very well pass for facts. He is not a socialist, nor is he quite so definite as Mr. Blatchford concerning the precise specific which he is recommending for the cure of the world. But he has the same self-confidence, the same bold windiness of rhetoric, the same habit of button-holing the universe and taking it into his confidence. . . .

. . . Mr. Lee has based himself mainly upon Carlyle and Walt Whitman, but he has introduced into the mixture a strong infusion of Nietzsche, Mr. Chesterton, and the American mob-orator. — *The English Review.*

Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee has shot his bolt. All that has passed in the two years since "Inspired Millionaires" was published has left him more enthusiastic and more incoherent than he was before. Moreover, this unresting enthusiasm for machines, and for the men who will master them, this ideal of continual production, continual increase, everlasting work, produces at last a feeling of revulsion. Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee has no repose; he says a thing again and again, not like Nietzsche's Wagner, until we believe it, but until the lines from one of Mr. Jack C. Squire's parodies come ringing into our memory:

> Brushing wide heaven with the stridence of her rustling wings,
> Enacting once again the old, old tragedy with her pitiless wings, . . .
> Proclaiming, exultant, triumphant, with steely clarion, the victory of her titanic wings,
> The whole air is filled with the clamour of innumerable wings.

At last, the impression produced by these 594 pages of shouting exultation is not the impression of a man; but, if I may vary one of Mr. Squire's best mixed metaphors, "it is engines, engines, all the way, but not a drop to drink." — *The New Age.*

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Gerald Stanley Lee, whether seen and heard in the flesh or through his writings, is a remarkable man. A keen observer of men and manners, "scenting the world, looking it full in face," like Browning's "man of mark," witty, eloquent, and epigrammatic, he may be depended upon to be interesting, and to be surprising and brilliant in what he has to say. He speaks with an American accent: he writes with the same accent, and also an American business-like cast of thought which gives a marvellous directness and reality even to his most dreamy and idealistic passages. He is a lever of mankind, an ardent believer in this present world, and a brave man not in the least afraid to speak his mind. — Leicester *Pioneer.*

. . . We all feel the better for Mr. Lee's boisterous greeting, and his book will supply us with enough homely epigrams to furnish forth a hundred evening papers till Mr. Lee writes another book. No doubt, however, he has had time to write another while we have been reading this. — *Englishwoman.*

. . . In the matter of style there is American and American, just as there is English and English, and Mr. Lee's bears about the same relation to Whitman's as the style of a ha'-penny paper does to that of Milton. . . . The idea which remains most clearly in the reader's mind after perusing Mr. Lee's pages is that Mr. Lee's most distinct belief is that he is the original author and patentee of what was a fairly well-known proverb before Mr. Lee was born. "Honesty is the best policy." . . . — *Sunday Times and Sunday Special.*

Mr. Lee has been likened to Walt Whitman, and with much reason. He has the same passionate belief in democracy, the same enthusiasm for his native land, and, in some measure, the same gift of torrential language. . . .

. . . Six hundred pages of startling paradox, of unconventional views on all possible subjects, of dogmatic and entirely unproved and unprovable statements, of forceful but often slangy and colloquial English, make a strong claim on the patience and forbearance of the reader. But it is worth the effort. It is not given to many writers to pound the truth into his hearers as this strong and courageous author never hesitates to do.

. . . Humour, however, is not lacking, and is of the dry

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American school which appeals to all divisions of the great Anglo-Saxon family. . . .

. . . It is clear that Mr. Lee has an underlying deep sense of the poetry of human existence, and this adds a vivid touch to his pictures of men and things. — *Yorkshire Observer.*

Here is a book that might have been good, almost great, had the author cultivated self-restraint and lucidity in writing. As it is, the "Crowds" of words that tumble over each other do not often reveal themselves to those who attempt to read with a view to dig out the meaning. — *Investor's Review.*

. . . Clearly we must take this writer seriously, but we must not take him heavily or prosaically. . . . — *Westminster Gazette.*

"Crowds" is more than a book; it is a prophecy and a policy; and it includes as part of its vision and its purpose the protection of genius from the policy of crucifixion.

Gerald Stanley Lee is the prophet of the plutocracy, as Carlyle was the prophet of the gentry. Carlyle's appeal and warning to the ruling class of his day was summed up in the sentence: "The organisation of labour is the universal, vital problem of the world." Mr. Lee's more genial appeal to the millionaires adds something to that text. For he treats the organisation of industry as a high art, the new art of our new age, and he invites the millionaire to take himself seriously and nobly as an artist, that is to say, as a genius, of the same race and calling as the inventor, the poet, and the prophet.

Carlyle's prophecy fell on deaf ears. The squires, as he bitterly observed, were too busy in preserving their game to think of preserving men; and as a consequence they failed to preserve themselves. Their reign is over. The old English aristocracy, the aristocracy of birth and breeding, is sinking into the servile class. The Norman peeress earns her living as the chaperon of the Jewish financier's wife and daughters. Eton and Oxford are turning out private secretaries and travelling companions for the graduates of Wall Street. . . .

. . . It will be interesting to see whether the aristocracy of business and gambling — for half of business is gambling — pays any more heed to its prophet than the Duke of Rutland paid to Carlyle. Will the Rockefellers consent to be saved?

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What are the Hooleys and Whitaker Wrights and Barney Barnatos going to do with Gerald Stanley Lee? . . . — *The New Freewoman.*

From Life: The other day, as I came along a back street in Boston, I saw a bunch of people gathered in front of the entrance to one of those "Dangerous Passing" alleys. Five or six men, a woman or two, and about a dozen boys (all holding desperately back and pushing eagerly forward at the same time) were squeezed up against an imaginary semicircular barrier about ten feet distant from a tiny speck of a dog that was huddled in the corner of a brick wall. And the dog was wearing a wildish look in its distracted brown eyes and at the extreme left-hand corner of its little mouth it displayed — a bubble.

I went over to it and said a few comforting things to it in dog talk, and then I picked it up (it was about three months old) and cuddled it a bit. And then, first shaking itself well to get rid of its hallucination of impending doom, it looked up and licked my chin. And you ought to have heard those people! The pet names they called that pup! And the assurances they gave it, and me, and each other, that they hadn't ever really thought that it was mad! And four of the boys offered to adopt it on the spot, and were syndicating the proposition when I left. You see, all along and almost to a man those people had wanted to believe in that dog; but half of 'em had been afraid to, and the other half hadn't known how to go about it. But all that they really needed was a good boost.

There have been a lot of truths — fine, young, promising, pedigreed ones, some of them; and others bright, old, unclaimed mongrels — that thousands and hundreds of thousands of us Americans have been wanting to believe about human nature for some time now. Almost any day you could have seen a bunch of us standing round some back alley entrance, looking, fascinated and frightened, at one of them. We have *wanted* to believe in them, but we "didn't dast." We'd have *liked* to adopt them and try them out, but we didn't know where "to take holt." We weren't exactly scared, only we needed some one to put us in countenance.

And here, shoving to the front with a fine, free nonchalant air of doing the most natural thing in the world, comes Gerald Stanley Lee; comes a poet, a dreamer, an idealist; a man whom we praised and patronized, and loved and pitied — comes Gerald

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Stanley Lee, the editor and sole contributor to the "Mount Tom" magazine, author of the almost forgotten "Lost Art of Reading," and of the almost unread "Voice of the Machines," and of the locally sneered at but foreignly buzzed about "Inspired Millionaires" — comes Gerald Stanley Lee and picks up the pup. And, lo and behold, it licks his chin! And we all instantly see how easy it was, and that human nature isn't really as bad as we'd been shamed into letting on.

It's by a book called "Crowds" that he has done it; a big, easy-going, loose-jointed, nearly six-hundred-page book about you and me and the man next door; about God and millionaires and department stores and the President and the cook; about business and politics, and what we all want and don't dare ask for, and about how we're going to get it. About America and Americans. About where we're going.

I once heard a small kid, standing on a bluff above the Wisconsin River, ask another youngster, a bit bigger, where the river came from. "Oh," answered the other, pointing a chubby finger, "from way up there." "Yes," insisted the first, "but from how far?" And then the other swelled visibly before our eyes, and putting on a look of preternatural gravity, answered: "From way up beyond to-morrow's morning and to-morrow's morning and to-morrow's morning!" That's the way you feel when asked questions about "Crowds."

It's the most religious book published in this country since "Uncle Tom's Cabin." — J. B. KERFOOT, in *Life*.

From a Letter to Mr. Kehler:

It seems to me the greatest book I ever read. It may be described in the words Gladstone used about the Federal Constitution, to the effect that it is the greatest single document ever struck at one time by the hand of man. But that was a composite work. . . .

It certainly ought to have the Nobel Prize, especially as it was so evidently written without any intention of competing for it. . . . What I look forward to — nothing less is the making and the marking of an epoch by it, not only in the various activities of life with which it is especially concerned, but in all literature and drama. The person unfamiliar with it will suffer enormously in such fields, and every one who does not know it will be obliged to echo its sentiments and ideas abroad and aloud. . . . Lee is the first person I have ever

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known to prove himself vaster than the civilization that begat him — vast enough to pull it around by the nose.

Signed ——

"Who on earth is Gerald Stanley Lee? That is a godlike article on Machinery and the Machine Age. He will be (unless he degenerates) one of the great forces of American literature.

— WILLIAM JAMES.

(From a letter to the editor of the *Atlantic* after the appearance of Mr. Lee's ideas on crowds and machines fifteen years ago.)

To the Editor of *Everybody's:* Your Advertising Goodness hits hard. Please tell Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee that he is on my book for a setting of my prize winning Brown Leghorn Eggs free to any address that he names. The best that I own is my Brown Leghorn Hens! . . . Better send on the address to this hen and get the eggs! — H. F. MCGUIRE, Wilton, N. H.

From a letter, dated, The Church of the Messiah, Louisville, Ky. . . . There is so much sermon material in "Crowds" that I want to use it during the winter in what I say. The point is "May I?" My own well-springs are not dry, but in reading the book I shall be apt, as I talk, to say things as "Crowds" says them, and not stop each and every time to say "Thus says Mr. Lee."

Do you mind if I do this — if as I say, I plainly state at the beginning to the people that we use your book as a textbook?

MAXWEL SAVAGE.

Readers of *Collier's Weekly* will recall the astounding case of Louis Victor Eytinge related there — Eytinge the forger and murderer serving a life term in Arizona state prison, the man who in jail discovered the value of honesty and the power of his words, who now earns a considerable salary by writing for business firms advertisements which are the wonder of advertising men. "They had penned him up to die, and he would not die. They sent him to jail, a crook, and lo! his voice was a power for honesty."

Eytinge recently was sent a copy of "Crowds.". He wrote as follows to Thomas Drier, Editor of *Associated Advertising*, one of the men who believes in him, and who helped to give him his chance:

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"I do like 'Crowds' — like it too blamed well. My line was that I would not be a crowd-man, meaning that I would *have* to stand out from, and above, the crowd, and the blamed book makes me more earnest in my resolve. Like you, I can't read the book through. It won't let me. Causes too much thought."

I have a grave suspicion that "Crowds" is the most important book — (in its meaning to the present world) that has been written in 4,000 years. I have been waiting for some brave critic to say this. I am not certain that there is any critic in America brave enough to say it even if he were brave enough to think it was true.

This is because the book is the truest, biggest picture of our world as it is to-day. . . .

"Crowds" is a crucible. You cast your soul into it — if you have a soul — and it comes forth changed. If it doesn't, then the thing you thought was a soul isn't a soul at all.

Out of the gray mists and the red fires of 4,000 years this book has come. The man who wrote it has seen marvelously: as if he stood upon the highest mountain top in the world, and the earth lay flat before him. To reach the mountain, that man, hungering and thirsting, must have crossed far deserts where strange altar fires forever burn. . . . — JOHN STRONG, Toledo *Times*.

A Pink Tea Rhapsody. — JOHN NEIHARDT, *Minneapolis Journal*.

Gerald Stanley Lee is poetry brought down to the last second of the last minute of the last hour of the day of the last month of the present year nineteen thirteen. What I like about him is that he sees the present, the past, and the future all in a radiant vision.— JACK LONDON.

An exasperating book to some readers because the points on which we most violently take issue with Mr. Lee are the very points on which he is hardest to refute.— *Publishers' Weekly*.

A book for Socialists to avoid.— *New York Call*.

Last June we got a copy of "Crowds," by Gerald Stanley Lee, who looks like William Hawley Smith with Opie Read's hair.

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We put it in our grip and have read it seven months, and 25,000 miles. We would read it in California, get mad at it, and put it back in the grip. Then some night in Minnesota we'd exhume it and root through more chapters and become further enraged. Again in Texas or Florida or Connecticut the book would come forth. It wouldn't down. It thrilled us, delighted us, and enraged us. Gerald Stanley Lee doesn't agree with us very often. That proves he isn't right very often. But a book that you will lug along on a lyceum journey month after month is a very wonderful book. The author is a very wonderful man — with wonderful inside eyes — powers of generalization and expression.— *Lyceum Magazine.*

"CROWDS"

O knowest Gerald Stanley Lee?
A droll philosopher is he —
And whimsical? Jehosaphat!
Such odd things as are in his hat.
Upon the summit of Mount Tom
He sits in reverie and calm,
Discoursing there of all that go
About him on the earth below.
His flavor is of such a kind
As soothes and orients the mind;
His wit and raillery are rare
And bracing as the mountain air;
His vision is beyond the scope
Of any man-made telescope,
And far beyond the bending skies
His swift imagination flies.

Now, I have seen him sitting there
  These many years among the clouds,
But few men spied him in the air
  Until he hurled among us "Crowds."
The impact of that book was such,
  That, looking up, we've come to stop
And chatter frequently and much,
  About the man upon the top.

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Like some old deity restored
From all that host the Greeks adored,
He sits upon his hallowed ground
And hurls his thunderbolts around.
Sometimes they do no more than play
Across the heavens far away,
As pyrotechnics of the mind
Disporting on the passing wind.
At other times, as red as Mars,
They burst, disseminating stars
And mental nigger-shooters through
The night of ignorance and dew.
And still at other times they light
Explosively, like dynamite,
Reducing fallacies profound
To heaps of wreckage all around.

Now, I have seen him through the span
Of some ten years, and know him well.
He is no god — he is a man —
And very human, truth to tell.
He might still be there for a few,
Disporting high among the clouds,
But all men now must see him, too,
Since he has hurled among us "Crowds."

— *St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

From Rev. Charles Raynal of North Carolina in the *Landmark*: I recommend this book to everybody. The farmer ought to read it; merchants, manufacturers, bankers, newspapers, doctors, lawyers, and preachers ought to read it. Everybody! Even folks that don't read anything but the nasty novels ought to read it. Businessmen's associations, Church conferences, Synods and Presbyteries; State assemblies; the Congress and cabinet of these United States; even the Women's Book clubs ought to lay aside all business, no matter how important, and read "CROWDS."

Above all things else that Statesville can do right now is to read this book. It presents a spirit that will build our town more surely than money can, for it shows money how to work. If everybody would get the book; and then if the City Fathers

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would appoint a day; and then if all stores and factories and everything would close as they do sometimes for protracted meetings; and then if we all would just sit down and read the book, we would all get up the day after and go to work. And we would build Statesville.

I say to you, in all earnestness and conviction, that there is more sense, and business, and money in this book than you can find elsewhere on earth to-day in anything like the same space.

It is more interesting than any twenty novels of the day. If, after you have read it, you want your money back, I will buy it from you for what you paid for it, and give you a bonus for reading it. The *Landmark* is authorized to act for me in this matter.

I am paying for the advertisement that appears in Dick Allison's name. It is already paid for.

LET EVERYBODY READ "CROWDS!"

A hundred dollars' worth of book for $1.35

ALLISON'S BOOK STORE

WHO?

By WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON

Pulpit extravaganzist uncontrolled,
As heady as a wild ass racing free
And snuffing up the wind! So, scorning he
Pathways by other footsteps beaten, bold,
Through trackless regions, over mountains old,
He ranges where his own far footsteps flee
All following, since no mortal eye can see
How they to any clear direction hold!
But there at least he thunders on in tread
As masterful as wayward, and no less
Unweariable. And, strange thing to be said,
This wild-ass ranger of the wilderness
From each excursion brings some gospel bread
Wherewith the gaping, hungering soul to bless!

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"Crowds"—now in its seventh month still holds the record as America's best selling book of non-fiction.

The Bookman record of sales for January is as follows:

Crowds—*Lee*
Gitanjali—*Tagore*
Our Eternity—*Maeterlinck*
The Promised Land—*Antin*
Autobiography—*Roosevelt*
Paris Nights—*Bennett*

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MOUNT TOM

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Entered as second-class matter June 29th, 1907, at the Post Office at Northampton, Mass.

Subscription Rates—(Six numbers), $1.00. Every other month. Foreign postage in Postal Union, 12 cents. Subscriptions begin with current number unless otherwise ordered.

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The Look-Off

There was received from Milan the other day a greeting to Mount Tom from Marinetti the Italian poet of the machines and founder of the Futurists, who has apparently observed some of the wild happy gestures from up here on Mount Tom toward the wireless telegraph, and who has seen a few hymns to the skyscrapers and odes to engines and some of the more or less hopeful passages in my works intended to be nice and complimentary to the future—and in the warmth of his heart clasping Mount Tom and the next thousand years to his breast he has sent me The Manifesto of the Futurists, which I am publishing in this number.

I am following it with the manifesto of the Futurist Painters—the disciples of Marinetti in painting.

The similar manifestos of the Futurist sculptors and the Futurist musicians which Marinetti encloses are unfortunately in the French and Italian languages and as my French and Italian have been rusty now for nearly eighty years I am not attempting to translate them.

* * * *

Before the reader goes on I might suggest the following rules for walking through Manifestos of Futurists up on Mount Tom.

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First: Mount Tom is to be regarded as maintaining an enthusiastic irresponsibility for all statements made therein.

Second: The reader will please (as is always necessary in strenuous walking) drop all his usual intellectual baggage and conveniences and as many of the usual clothes of his mind, as would do. One is supposed to get back like a baby or like a savage to the elemental and to drop any particular memories he may vaguely have of ever having seen anything or ever having thought of anything before.

This will be good for one in a general way for a change and a more or less novel and refreshing experience and will give Marinetti a good start.

Third: One might reserve saying "Pooh!" during the first reading, I think. Marinetti is saying "Pooh!" and it's his turn.

Fourth: As it looks from Mount Tom it is not necessary in exalting the future to lift one's awful hand and smash the past but it is only fair to observe that people who are trying to escape from museums (the air of which is admittedly not healthy to live in) and who are longing to say "Whoopla!" and to swing their hats and run around outdoors and throw stones from curbs at dignitaries who are going by being dignitaries—and looking like their own statues on floats—it is natural that these seething young men with all Italy against them and with all those clergymen and art critics looking on should drop into the way of talking like Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Pankhurst—with shocks between ideas. First a shock. Then an idea. Then two shocks. Then another idea—etc.

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A very small shock—almost a little shiver in fact, of insight and newness in a free relaxed country like America is all that is called for, but if you have any new art at all in old staid countries,—especially in rather gloriously staid countries like Italy, you have to have art-explosions.

And now Marinetti and his comrades may speak for themselves. I wish they would not speak so loud on this mountain. They don't really need to but of course they can't really be expected to know how quiet and open everything really is up here on Mount Tom. It's a habit they have got into. They can't stop just for Mount Tom.

And naturally with all those museums on top of them they just feel they have to holler.

INITIAL MANIFESTO OF FUTURISM.

1. *We shall sing the love of danger, the habit of energy and boldness.*

2. *The essential elements of our poetry shall be courage, daring, and rebellion.*

3. *Literature has hitherto glorified thoughtful immobility, ecstasy and sleep; we shall extol aggressive movement, feverish insomnia, the double quick step, the somersault, the box on the ear, the fisticuff.*

4. *We declare that the world's splendour has been enriched by a new beauty; the beauty of speed. A racing motor-car, its frame adorned with great pipes, like snakes with explosive breath . . . a roaring motor-car, which looks as though running on shrapnel, is more beautiful than the* VICTORY OF SAMOTHRACE.

5. *We shall sing of the man at the steering wheel,*

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whose ideal stem transfixes the Earth, rushing over the circuit of her orbit.

6. *The poet must give himself with frenzy, with splendour and with lavishness, in order to increase the enthusiastic fervour of the primordial elements.*

7. *There is no more beauty except in strife. No masterpiece without aggressiveness. Poetry must be a violent onslaught upon the unknown forces, to command them to bow before man.*

8. *We stand upon the extreme promontory of the centuries! . . . Why should we look behind us, when we have to break in the mysterious portals of the Impossible? Time and Space died yesterday. Already we live in the absolute, since we have already created speed, eternal and ever-present.*

9. *We wish to glorify War—the only health giver of the world—militarism, patriotism, the destructive arm of the Anarchist, the beautiful Ideas that kill, the contempt for woman.*

10. *We wish to destroy the museums, the libraries, to fight against moralism, feminism and all opportunistic and utilitarian meannesses.*

11. *We shall sing of the great crowds in the excitement of labour, pleasure or rebellion; of the multicoloured and polyphonic surf of revolutions in modern capital cities; of the nocturnal vibration of arsenals and workshops beneath their violent electric moons; of the greedy stations swallowing smoking snakes; of factories suspended from the clouds by their strings of smoke; of bridges leaping like gymnasts over the diabolical cutlery of sunbathed rivers; of adventurous liners scenting the horizon; of broad-chested locomotives prancing on the rails, like huge steel horses bridled with long tubes; and of the gliding flight of aëroplanes, the sound of whose screw is like*

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the flapping of flags and the applause of an enthusiastic crowd.

It is in Italy that we launch this manifesto of violence, destructive and incendiary, by which we this day found Futurism, because we would deliver Italy from its canker of professors, archæologists, cicerones and antiquaries.

Italy has been too long the great market of the second-hand dealers. We would free her from the numberless museums which cover her with as many cemeteries.

Museums, cemeteries! . . . Truly identical with their sinister jostling of bodies that know one another not. Public dormitories where one sleeps forever side by side with detested or unknown beings. Mutual ferocity of painters and sculptors slaying one another with blows of lines and colour in a single museum.

Let one pay a visit there each year as one visits one's dead once a year. . . . That we can allow! . . . Deposit flowers even once a year at the feet of the GIOCONDA, *if you will! . . . But to walk daily in the museums with our sorrows, our fragile courage and our anxiety, that is inadmissible! . . . Would you, then, poison yourselves? Do you want to decay?*

What can one find in an old picture unless it be the painful contortions of the artist striving to break the bars that stand in the way of his desire to express completely his dream?

To admire an old picture is to pour our sensitiveness into a funereal urn, instead of casting it forward in violent gushes of creation and action. Would you, then, waste the best of your strength by a useless admiration of the past, from which you can but emerge exhausted, reduced, downtrodden?

In truth, the daily haunting of museums, of libraries and of academies (those cemeteries of wasted efforts,

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those calvaries of crucified dreams, those ledgers of broken attempts!) is to artists what the protracted tutelage of parents is to intelligent youths, intoxicated with their talent and their ambitious determination.

For men on their death-bed, for invalids, and for prisoners, very well! The admirable past may be balsam to their wounds, since the future is closed to them. . . . But we will have none of it, we, the young, the strong, and the living FUTURISTS!

Come, then, the good incendiaries with their charred fingers! . . . Here they come! Here they come! . . . Set fire to the shelves of the libraries! Deviate the course of canals to flood the cellars of the museums! . . . Oh! may the glorious canvases drift helplessly! Seize pickaxes and hammers! Sap the foundations of the venerable cities!

The oldest amongst us are thirty; we have, therefore, ten years at least to accomplish our task. When we are forty, let others, younger and more valiant, throw us into the basket like useless manuscripts! . . . They will come against us from afar, from everywhere, bounding upon the lightsome measure of their first poems, scratching the air with their hooked fingers, and scenting at the academy doors the pleasant odour of our rotting minds, marked out already for the catacombs of the libraries.

But we shall not be there. They will find us at length, one winter's night, right out in the country, beneath a dreary shed, the monotonous rain-drops strumming on the roof, cowering by our trepidating aëroplanes, warming our hands at the miserable fire which our books of to-day will make, blazing gaily beneath the dazzling flight of their images.

They will surge around us, breathless with anxiety and disappointment, and all, exasperated by our

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dauntless courage, will throw themselves upon us to slay us, with all the more hatred because their hearts will be filled with love and admiration for us. And Injustice, strong and healthy, will burst forth radiantly in their eyes. For art can be nought but violence, cruelty and injustice.

The oldest amongst us are thirty, and yet we have already squandered treasures, treasures of strength, of love, of courage, of rugged determination, hastily, in a frenzy, without counting, with all our might, breathlessly.

Look at us! We are not breathless. . . . Our heart does not feel the slightest weariness! For it is fed with fire, hatred and speed! . . . That surprises you? It is because you do not remember even having lived! We stand upon the summit of the world and once more we cast our challenge to the stars!

Your objections? Enough! Enough! I know them! It is agreed! We know well what our fine and false intelligence tells us. We are, it says, only the summary and the extension of our ancestors. Perhaps! Very well! . . . What matter? . . . But we do not wish to hear! Beware of repeating those infamous words! Better lift your head!

We stand upon the summit of the world and once more we cast our challenge to the stars!

F. T. MARINETTI,
Editor of "Poesia."

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MANIFESTO OF THE FUTURIST PAINTERS

On the 18th of March, 1910, in the limelight of the Chiarella Theatre of Turin, we launched our first Manifesto to a public of three thousand people—artists, men of letters, students and others; it was a violent and cynical cry which displayed our sense of rebellion, our deep-rooted disgust, our haughty contempt for vulgarity, for academic and pedantic mediocrity, for the fanatical worship of all that is old and worm-eaten.

We bound ourselves there and then to the movement of Futurist Poetry which was initiated a year earlier by F. T. Marinetti in the columns of the "Figaro."

The battle of Turin has remained legendary. We exchanged almost as many knocks as we did ideas, in order to protect from certain death the genius of Italian Art.

And now during a temporary pause in this formidable struggle we come out of the crowd in order to expound with technical precision our programme for the renovation of painting, of which our Futurist Salon at Milan was a dazzling manifestation.

Our growing need of truth is no longer satisfied with Form and Colour as they have been understood hitherto.

The gesture which we would reproduce on canvas shall no longer be a fixed *moment* in universal dynamism. It shall simply be the *dynamic sensation* itself.

Indeed, all things move, all things run, all things are rapidly changing. A profile is never motionless before our eyes, but it constantly appears and disappears. On account of the per-

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sistency of an image upon the retina, moving objects constantly multiply themselves; their form changes like rapid vibrations, in their mad career. Thus a running horse has not four legs, but twenty, and their movements are triangular.

All is conventional in art. Nothing is absolute in painting. What was truth for the painters of yesterday is but a falsehood to-day. We declare, for instance, that a portrait must not be like the sitter and that the painter carries in himself the landscapes which he would fix upon his canvas.

To paint a human figure you must not paint it; you must render the whole of its surrounding atmosphere.

Space no longer exists: the street pavement, soaked by rain beneath the glare of electric lamps, becomes immensely deep and gapes to the very centre of the earth. Thousands of miles divide us from the sun; yet the house in front of us fits into the solar disk.

Who can still believe in the opacity of bodies, since our sharpened and multiplied sensitiveness has already penetrated the obscure manifestations of the medium? Why should we forget in our creations the doubled power of our sight, capable of giving results analogous to those of the X rays?

It will be sufficient to cite a few examples, chosen amongst thousands, to prove the truth of our arguments.

The sixteen people around you in a rolling motor-'bus are in turn and at the same time one, ten, four, three; they are motionless and they change places; they come and go, bound into the street, are suddenly swallowed up by the sunshine, then come back and sit before you, like

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persistent symbols of universal vibration.

How often have we not seen upon the cheek of the person with whom we were talking the horse which passes at the end of the street.

Our bodies penetrate the sofas upon which we sit, and the sofas penetrate our bodies. The motor-'bus rushes into the houses which it passes, and in their turn the houses throw themselves upon the motor-'bus and are blended with it.

The construction of pictures has hitherto been foolishly traditional. Painters have shown us the objects and the people placed before us. We shall henceforward put the spectator in the centre of the picture.

As in every realm of the human mind, clear-sighted individual research has swept away the unchanging obscurities of dogma, so must the vivifying current of science soon deliver painting from academic tradition.

We would at any price re-enter into life. Victorious science has nowadays disowned its past in order the better to serve the material needs of our time; we would that art, disowning its past, were able to serve at last the intellectual needs which are within us.

Our renovated consciousness does not permit us to look upon man as the centre of universal life. The suffering of a man is of the same interest to us as the suffering of an electric lamp, which, with spasmodic starts, shrieks out the most heartrending expressions of colour. The harmony of the lines and folds of modern dress works upon our sensitiveness with the same emotional and symbolical power as did the nude upon the sensitiveness of the old masters.

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In order to conceive and understand the novel beauties of a futurist picture, the soul must be purified; the eye must be freed from its veil of atavism and culture, so that it may at last look upon Nature and not upon the museum as the one and only standard.

As soon as ever this result has been obtained, it will be readily admitted that brown tints have never coursed beneath our skin; it will be discovered that yellow shines forth in our flesh, that red blazes, and that green, blue and violet dance upon it with untold charms, voluptuous and caressing.

How is it possible still to see the human face pink, now that our life, redoubled by noctambulism, has multiplied our perceptions as colourists? The human face is yellow, red, green, blue, violet. The pallor of a woman gazing in a jeweller's window is more intensely iridescent than the prismatic fires of the jewels that fascinate her like a lark.

The time has passed for our sensations in painting to be whispered. We wish them in future to sing and re-echo upon our canvases in deafening and triumphant flourishes.

Your eyes, accustomed to semi-darkness, will soon open to more radiant visions of light. The shadows which we shall paint shall be more luminous than the high-lights of our predecessors, and our pictures, next to those of the museums, will shine like blinding daylight compared with deepest night.

We conclude that painting cannot exist to-day without Divisionism. This is no process that can be learned and applied at will. Divisionism, for the modern painter, must be an *innate comple-*

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mentariness which we declare to be essential and necessary.

Our art will probably be accused of tormented and decadent cerebralism. But we shall merely answer that we are, on the contrary, the primitives of a new sensitiveness, multiplied hundredfold, and that our art is intoxicated with spontaneity and power.

WE DECLARE:

1. That all forms of imitation must be despised, all forms of originality glorified.

2. That it is essential to rebel against the tyranny of the terms "harmony" and "good taste" as being too elastic expressions, by the help of which it is easy to demolish the works of Rembrandt, of Goya and of Rodin.

3. That the art critics are useless or harmful.

4. That all subjects previously used must be swept aside in order to express our whirling life of steel, of pride, of fever and of speed.

5. That the name of "madman" with which it is attempted to gag all innovators should be looked upon as a title of honour.

6. That innate complementariness is an absolute necessity in painting, just as free metre in poetry or polyphony in music.

7. That universal dynamism must be rendered in painting as a dynamic sensation.

8. That in the manner of rendering Nature the first essential is sincerity and purity.

9. That movement and light destroy the materiality of bodies.

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WE FIGHT:

1. Against the bituminous tints by which it is attempted to obtain the patina of time upon modern pictures.

2. Against the superficial and elementary archaism founded upon flat tints, and which, by imitating the linear technique of the Egyptians, reduces painting to a powerless synthesis, both childish and grotesque.

3. Against the false claims to belong to the future put forward by the secessionists and the independents, who have installed new academies no less trite and attached to routine than the preceding ones.

4. Against the nude in painting, as nauseous and as tedious as adultery in literature.

We wish to explain this last point. Nothing is *immoral* in our eyes; it is the monotony of the nude against which we fight. We are told that the subject is nothing and that everything lies in the manner of treating it. That is agreed; we, too, admit that. But this truism, unimpeachable and absolute fifty years ago, is no longer so to-day with regard to the nude, since artists obsessed with the desire to expose the bodies of their mistresses have transformed the Salons into arrays of unwholesome flesh!

We demand, for ten years, the total suppression of the nude in painting.

Umberto Boccioni, painter (Milan).
Carlo D. Carra, painter (Milan).
Luigi Russolo, painter (Milan).
Giacomo Balla, painter (Rome).
Gino Severini, painter (Paris).

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Things That Need to Be Aired

There are a great many people to-day who are beginning to look at History in a new way. History is being made all around us—in Europe and America every day, right before our eyes. Anybody who looks about can see some History being made.

The result is that it is beginning to occur to people—people who have read History—even people who have written it—that History might be connected up and be rather interesting. With so much perfectly fresh history around, people could not help it.

On the 7th of August, Monhegan Island in Maine, which was a kind of great uncle to Boston and to Plymouth and very kindly sent them down something to eat when they thought they were founding the country—celebrated its three-hundredth anniversary (1614-1914). Monhegan has not swaggered much about how old it was, and the Maine Historical Society thought that some attention ought to be paid to it and arranged a celebration with warships and speeches, searchlights, fireworks, and the Monhegan Fisherman Band, to tell everybody what they ought to know. About fifty historically-minded people were to

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make a swoop on the island that day—members and dignitaries of the Maine Historical Society—and innumerable motor boats were to come out in fleets from the mainland full of ignorant but happy people—pop around the island to the memory of John Smith and go home feeling how much more they knew than they ever had known before. They were to be welcomed with martial music, singing children and flags, and with eloquent remarks—in behalf of the islanders from George Smith (the 119667th interlineal relation of Capt. John Smith) and with addresses from Mr. Baxter of Portland and Judge Jenney of Boston, on the history of John Smith and the history of the Island and from Mr. Lee on something or other. Two little girls—Beatrice Sterling and Abby Stanley were to unveil a bronze tablet to John Smith. Then the audience on the rocks was to sing "Auld Lang Syne," and the boats in the harbor—motor boats and sailboats from the main—were to spread their sails and lift their voices and go home.

This was the Idea. Part of it is still The Idea. The Sun entered into the spirit of the thing and helped. And the day passed happily.

In the evening all Mannanna—like a huge grim fortress against the dark with its red fire and rockets, made huge gestures at the sky saying John Smith's three hundred years were over.

Then the lighthouse (which John Smith would like to have seen most of all) when all the cottages were dark and all the people were asleep was left alone tending to the memory of John Smith, as if not a soul were here. Way, way up above us it wheeled and wheeled its mighty spokes of light

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upon the sleepy houses, upon the lonely sky and upon the sleepless sea.

Perhaps this fragment from the address of the delegate from Mount Tom, may represent a part of the spirit of the day.

"Mr. President and Members of the Maine Historical Society, Ladies and Gentlemen on the Rocks, and Ladies and Gentlemen in the Road!

"Of course one never knows what to expect with a Historical Society prowling around a place nowadays. And I must admit that when I first heard that the Maine Historical Society had designs on Monhegan I was scared. Most professors of history lately, when they find you have got some perfectly good history that you have believed faithfully and lovingly for hundreds of years step up and tell you that it isn't so. I make it a point now never to talk with a professor of history about anything that happened that I wanted to happen, a few hundred years ago. Being an historian to-day consists in proving to people that nothing ever happened. It's a great relief to me to-day to find the Maine Historical Society standing by John Smith and a United States warship standing by and whooping it up for him out in the harbor.

"I live in a town made famous by Jonathan Edwards and a few years ago the Professor of History at Yale University came up to spend the summer and rented my house. He said to me almost the first day—just as I was coming away to leave him there perfectly loose in the town, 'Where is that Jonathan Edwards Elm people tell about. I wish you would take me to see it.' I said I wasn't going to show him our Jonathan Edwards Elm. I was fond of it—and that if I

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went off for the summer and left that elm and a Professor of History alone in that town for three months there wouldn't be any Jonathan Edwards Elm. I warned him to leave that elm alone.

"The Maine Historical Society is standing up nobly of course for John Smith but I wish to speak a word of kindly warning in behalf of Monhegan Island. Most of us here hope they won't fool with him too much. The rumour has been going around the Island the last few days for instance (I don't know whether the Historical Society started it or not) that it is not quite proper to think of Captain John Smith as a beautiful wild and woolly glorious adventurer any more—that as a matter of historical science and chemistry John Smith was a very learned and highly cultivated man. I got the impression—though of course The Maine Historical Society would not have expressed itself just that way—that John Smith as a matter of fact when you really looked into it was a kind of college professor in the rough—would have worn a high collar while here if the Globe Laundry had been started. One was made to feel that probably after he had discovered the island as well as he thought would do, he might have been seen every morning going over regularly and sitting down on Crows Nest and reading his Shakespeare and his Bible. One gathered the idea that all these nice, interesting human sorts of things about Captain Smith, like Pocahontas and like discovering Monhegan were merely thrown in.

"It seems to us on Monhegan that this is a very dangerous road to let an Historical Society and a lot of very learned men get started on. There are plenty of college professors. The country is

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weighted down with them. We want to take—here on Monhegan—our John Smith straight. A temperance-drink John Smith diluted into a college professor does not seem to us to go with this island. We appeal to the Maine Historical Society to leave us our John Smith as he is—with a lot of juice in him. It would be a pity to have it said after this celebration and after The Maine Historical Society got through with him, that the name of Smith was all that was left of him—a worthy but threadbare used-up name like Smith. Anybody can be a Smith. Think of the people who have tried to be Smiths and succeeded!

"The cottagers and residents of Monhegan make therefore this personal appeal to the learned gentlemen who come out to us on this, our 300th birthday.

"Many of us who spend our summers on this island may be a little common and simple-minded and without college degrees or anything to shine us up, but Captain John Smith is now and always will be to us—Maine Historical Society or no Maine Historical Society—a kind of wild, bold, untamed person. He will always be to us a kind of glorified stained-glass-window Cass Brackett—or a combination of Cass Brackett and George Bellows with just a touch of Jimmy Barstow at his best.

"John Smith is our hero,—hale, swarthy, a little negligee, a little sweary, killing a little, praying a little,—but always with that sort of wild stern campfire splendor about him, looking probably like Blackhead by moonlight and in his more relaxed moments there must have been—it seems to us—something about his eyes like Jackie Hudson.

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"We cannot bear to think of Captain John Smith in any other way and we are not willing to sit here to-day without kindly protest, against his being taken by all these learned people—this kind of swoop of learning that has come out at us from the mainland—and glazed over with History, with accuracy, punctiliousness and facts until nobody would know him. He was human—John Smith was—and he wasn't any more historical than he could help. In his unguarded moments or when he was hungry or sleepy he was like Frank Pierce but when he was really serious and his back was up and forty people were after him at once, he was like Hiram we like to think—sweet, patient, a kind of genius in his back, three trunks on his shoulders at a time, grimly smiling and on time for the May Archer."

* * * *

"One of the things that is sometimes overlooked is that Captain John Smith is not the only man who has discovered this island.

"I discovered Monhegan Island on my voyage on the *Kate and Nellie* at 3.42 P. M. the 17th of July 1906 and I've been discovering it except when I have been taking little side trips to discover England and Germany, ever since.

"An island needs to keep on being discovered. There is something that turns up on Monhegan nobody ever saw before every day. Miss Barstow discovered a telegram only two weeks ago Sunday noon, that had been waiting to be discovered by Miss Barstow and Captain Archibald between them ever since Thursday of the week before.

"Telegrams are often still discovered in this unexpected way on the island.

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"But to return to History.

"The first thing I discovered when I was discovering Monhegan Island was the Monhegan Fog. The second was Frank Pierce's beautiful trumpety voice up in the dim, dull white sky proclaiming—shouting it out all around that Monhegan Island was there and only waiting quietly to be discovered by me. The island emerged from its long lazy oblivion and first impinged on my mind in the form of the Fish Beach. I was taken off the *Kate and Nellie* and my trunk and me were kind of slopped up on to the shore from a dory.

"Nobody was there. I can't prove my discovery. But this was just the way it happened. Not a soul knew I was discovering the island. I had no cloud of witnesses. There were not 99 people in red, blue, and yellow and olive and mauve and ecru sweaters leaning over two railings against the sky staring at me and watching me while I was discovering Monhegan Island.

"Just that dull modest dory and Cass Brackett and Me.

"All the great critical events of history are like that, when one thinks of it.

"Just two men. Not saying anything. Not talking about it. Just doing it.

* * * *

"But I will touch on the bare discovery of the island only lightly. Some historians seem to think that when somebody has discovered an island that is all there is to it. The really important thing it always seems to me is to keep on discovering it, every day, every year, every hundred years—seeing what it's like, seeing new

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things in it whichever way you turn. This is what I tried to attend to as soon as I got here. One of the first things I discovered of this kind was Harrison Humphrey's cow. She was up against the sky on Hornes Hill waving her tail at the heavens. The entry from my journal reads as follows.

* * * *

One might as well break off at one place as another. The editor of Mount Tom regrets that he has been obliged in spite of the great merit of the gentlemen's remarks and the gentlemen's great enjoyment of them, to curtail further lucubrations of his line of thought. The editor of Mount Tom has seen several photographs of the audience on the rocks in the act of listening to Mr. Lee's address.

Of course it is not quite fair to an audience to catch it in this way—corral everybody—all of the speaker's friends in different stages of being bored —and then presenting him afterwards with rows of pictures of his audience at work.

But while it leaves a speaker's friends in an awkward position it gives a speaker food for thought.

If all churches were supplied with a moving picture during the sermon of the audience at work, which the clergyman could study Monday morning, the kingdom would come presently.

Personally I should want a phonograph record going at the same time so as to study out afterwards just precisely what it was that did or didn't do things to people's faces.

I would like to take a lecture of mine too and work it over in this way, each time afterwards

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seeing what each sentence did, looking people's faces up personally, having plenty of time for it too—as one would with photographs. One could just sit and stare at people not listening to one! As it is now no man can hope to keep track of six hundred people at once the way a photographer and a phonograph between them could.

This suggestion is passed out to preachers and lecturers and Church committees for what it is worth.

It would be fine for Mount Tom too if the editor, after each sentence, after each page could chase his readers up. He would not need to embarrass them—to say anything to them about it. He could just be more thoughtful next time.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Most of Mr. Lee's discoveries on Monhegan—entries from his journal read on this occasion are already familiar to the readers of Mount Tom—some in the seven Monhegan numbers that have appeared.

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MOUNT TOM

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Entered as second-class matter June 29th, 1907, at the Post Office at Northampton, Mass.

Subscription Rates—(Six numbers), $1.00. Every other month. Foreign postage in Postal Union, 12 cents. Subscriptions begin with current number unless otherwise ordered.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC.,

of Mount Tom Magazine

published Bi-monthly

at Northampton, Mass.,

required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

NAME OF— POST-OFFICE ADDRESS

Editor, Gerald Stanley Lee.

Managing Editor, Same.

Business Managers, Same Alas!

Publisher Same. (Mount Tom Press)

Owners: (if a corporation, give names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock).

Gerald

Stanley

Lee.

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This Round World

READING THE WAR NEWS

THE other day I woke up.

I have been dreaming since the war broke out. I have gone about in my sleep doing things—the things I usually do—but it seemed all the time to be somebody else that was doing them, and I was just tagging around.

But the other day I woke up.

It all came over me—what I had been letting the war do to me.

The sun is rising as usual. The chestnuts are ripening in the trees. Gasoline keeps making wheels go around. Electricity is on the job all day and all night. Cocks crow and dogs bark and horses go by in the street. Everything is being itself and fulfilling itself and quietly making the world go around—except me.

I have been eating and drinking and breathing war. I buy ten papers a day. I read in the streets, and I read while I eat. If there is a new headline, the people I am with drop off the face of the earth.

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My whole being has been scooped up and drunk away with war.

Now and then I would forget for a minute, perhaps. There would be a group of us, and we would be swept off into a gale of laughter about nothing. Then I would see men rolling dead bodies up a hill to fight behind—those cold, still entrenchments—or I would wake in the night, out of deep sleep, and remember and listen to a roar three thousand miles away. I think of the gay little flaxen-haired children I saw playing in the streets of Cologne, now crying as if their hearts would break. I think of silent mothers. . . .

If I have time to eat I have time to read about the war. Why should I know whether there are peaches or cantaloupe on my plate?

Then, as I have said before, I woke up.

It occurred to me it was about time, with a great absorbing event like this going on before my eyes, that I should be of some use. Reading all day and all night about disasters that are happening to other people does not help them much. There must be some way of reading news about the war which will put one in a position to help. I do not know how it is striking other people as they look back over what has been happening in the last few weeks, but with me it has been as if I were in the middle of some huge, interminable, idle, helpless dime novel. I have been profoundly and hopelessly absorbed day and night, but I have not helped the characters in the novel.

It was this that woke me up, apparently—thinking how I could help. I began thinking out my own personal relation to the war, the relation of the war to my vision of human nature, my

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vision of the next hundred years, and my vision for my own people and for the world.

It made a great difference in my reading of the war news when I began to slow down my reading and to try to see the relation of what I was reading to my vision of human nature and of the next hundred years.

Everything became steadied. I noticed one or two things. I spent less time finding out what the news was, and I spent more time finding out the news about the news—in determining for myself what the news was for, and where it belonged, and what logically it would do with me and with a whole world. Most of all, I asked, what is this news going to do with us—with us in the United States? And how are we going to assimilate it, understand it, and act on it?

With this point of view in mind—this searching behind the news for news about the news—I have begun to get some satisfaction out of reading about war. Instead of being sucked up against the subject and flattened out into not knowing who I am, or where I am, or what I am doing, I am steadied into action. The way to help is to think, and to think first, and to get into the habit as soon as possible of knowing what I am about.

Perhaps this experience of mine in reading war news has something to do with all of us.

* * * *

The most important thing that is happening in the world to-day is not what is happening to the men in the battlefields of Europe. It is what is happening to us.

All that they can do is to kill each other. They cannot decide anything by killing each other.

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They can decide, possibly (which has nothing to do with the subject) which can kill the most. But even then, having spent a hundred thousand or two hundred thousand men on each side and forty million dollars a day to decide who can kill the most, nobody, except those who are dead, will be in any position to help. The dead will help because they will be through fighting.

They will be quiet and strong and assured. They will call out reverence and love. That will help. But the living will not help. They will be helpless and useless because they will be filled with rage for five hundred years—with the weakness and helplessness of rage.

We will have to decide the matter. And the way we decide—the ability we are to have to sit in judgment on the fate of a world, will depend on what is happening to us now from day to day while we look on.

It will depend upon the spirit and the insight with which we look on—upon the deep, still fairmindedness, the daily hope, love and prayer, the daily fighting for truth, with which we read our daily papers. These are the influences which will make us strong when the real battle comes—the battle which will put away the giant-little, roaring-futile, helpless battles like the Aisne and the Marne into darkness and forgetfulness—that mighty battle in American thought, on American soil, that is soon to come for the peace of the world, for the continued existence of fearless men upon the earth.

It is our American battle that is going to settle things.

How are we daily schooling ourselves as we

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look on? How drilling our hearts to wisdom, to self-control and quietness, reading the temperaments of the nations, keeping close in spirit to each, making them feel it and know it, so that they will turn to us at last as the only power on earth that can afford the world a breathing place? We must prepare ourselves in thought and action to make America the clearing house of all peoples. We will make our Capitol at Washington a kind of temple to which the tired nations may come to think and to pray.

Then we shall save them, in their weariness and fear, from destroying themselves when they are too tired to destroy one another.

A great many things are happening in our minds while we read up and down our columns of battles—mighty faiths and indignations and hopes, and mean little unbeliefs. A great many questions come, questions about human nature and about the world. It is the mighty daily task of American men to-day to pursue and face these questions, to arrange in our minds what is happening to us and make our hearts ready to readjust a world, instead of reading one more rumor, or one more twist or turn in a rumor, of another blind, helpless, useless, wasted battle.

Battles always have to be taken back. Only men who understand, who possess themselves and love others, do things. What other men are doing we might do. But God has given us three thousand miles of open sea. What America does with that open sea—its perspective, its freedom, its youth, joy, sunshine, its mighty-heartedness—shall be the self-expression, the communion of America with all the peoples of the earth.

God save America!

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SEVEN DUMB NATIONS

It is a mistake to suppose that because people do things in a machine civilization they mean anything by them. The reason all the people are fighting in Europe to-day is that the diplomats—the men whose special business it is to express nations to one another—could not express them. The war in Europe is a stupendous breakdown of the European languages. Every nation in Europe to-day is practically a dumb nation. Each has suddenly failed to find words to express itself—to express its temperament to the other temperaments so that it will be understood. So they fight.

Why did the nations so suddenly and completely fail to express themselves to one another?

A crisis arose in which they had to express themselves with immense effect in a few hours, or it would be too late.

Any great nation—say of fifty million people—that is so placed or so places itself that it has got to express fifty million people in a few hours or die, finds out in a hurry that the facilities in this present world for expressing fifty million people to three hundred million other people, and getting all the expression in before 12 o'clock that night, are very inadequate.

Naturally if a nation of fifty million people has got to express itself within one round of the clock it must find some way of doing it all in one swoop—in the same way that machinery does things.

Everything in modern life done for very large numbers of people in a very short time has to be

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done by machinery. The only big machine any nation in Europe had provided itself with for the emergency of expressing itself all at once, all in one huge crash in a day, was the army machine.

As every nation in Europe had on hand a machine of this kind for the purpose of making itself impressive in a day, and did not possess any other machine that could do it, all they could do was to use the only means they had ready.

So it came to pass that the people of seven nations—because they were told they had only a day in which to express themselves—gave up and let their soldiers do it. Seven or eight very much scared men, experts in being scared, drilled all their lives in being scared on time, who could not hold their fear under any longer—each of these men told his nation it would have to express itself in a day or die.

Everybody had to take their word for it. There wasn't anybody out of all the three hundred million men concerned who could really manage to talk back to specialists, to authorities, to experts in being scared on time, like soldiers. Once grant that there really was a hurry—that, if a nation took a week in which to think, it would die—and everything follows.

The one really determining question in this war is whether or not this personal interpretation of a situation by a few threatening-minded persons was necessary.

It is not, at bottom, a war they are having in Europe. It is a hurry.

The war is the mere, helpless, dumb way that each nation has taken with the other nations of expressing the hurry.

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On the last day of July one goes to sleep thinking of all the people over there as in their right minds, going about and living their lives quietly and expressing themselves in living their lives. The next morning one looks up and sees one's Europe suddenly upside-down. If all the men in Europe had by common consent that first August morning stopped walking around on the ground and begun walking upside-down, like flies on the ceiling of the sky, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, we could not have been more surprised.

What had happened was that the world and all the people in it with one single motion had been switched off on to the military circuit.

But the people in Europe are at heart the same people they were six months ago. All that is the matter with them is that they have been caught in a hurry. Three hundred million men down in the holds of seven nations where they could not see for themselves what was going on above them and ahead of them have been suddenly shouted to by a few men on deck to come up and die. They came up sincerely, and are dying in good faith.

We would do the same ourselves.

But they would not have done it if they had not been down in dark holds and taken unawares, under the necessity of acting before they had time to think for themselves.

So at last we are having, as on some huge world movie-screen where ninety nations watch, History's last look at what war really is.

It is the essential nature of militarism that people shall be kept in holds where they cannot see and that they shall be ready to die when the order is shouted down to them.

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This is why an army as a machine for expressing fifty million men in a minute would be funny if one could keep from cursing long enough to be amused by it.

The men may think they are expressing themselves—they are killing each other at the rate of several thousand a day with the idea that they are expressing themselves and their nations. But the stupendous fact is that they are really expressing the last dogged, hopeless, helpless, dumb faithfulness of men down in the hold of the world toward men in uniforms strutting around on the bridge and shouting down through speaking tubes to the fathers and sons and brothers of seven nations: "SHUT YOUR MOUTHS AND DIE!"

The war is the failure of our machines for expressing our real selves. In each nation the machine it had paid the most attention to was its army—its machine for expressing itself when it was scared. The machines for expressing the courage of the people toward other peoples, the machines for expressing love and expectation, common service and common faith in human nature, were not ready. These latter machines, while they are infinitely more powerful and effective, had not been finished off for quick work. Without warning, a few military-minded men, so scared they had to fight, fooling with nervous fingers on the trigger of the world, touch it—and the world goes off!

All the vast machines of hate go off!

But it is not because men are beasts, but because our machines for being beasts work better on a sudden call than our machines for being men. Anybody interested in these machines should watch them now! It may be his last chance!

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IS THE BOTTOM DROPPING OUT OF THE WORLD?

A man across from me at a dinner the other night took a fifty-cent cigar out of his mouth and replaced it with the following remark (it seemed to me a pity to take out a fifty-cent cigar for a thirty-cent remark, but probably he felt driven to it):

"Well, there's one thing about this war; it's giving us all a chance to see through human nature. The mask is stripped off from civilization. Now we know at last what men and women are really like."

I suppose the remark irritated me too much, but the man looked so comfortable and contented with it, and I was so afraid he would make another, or that every man with a fifty-cent cigar at the table would pile in and agree with him that—well, I don't remember just what I said, but the general idea was that the world was full of old respectable rubber-tired remarks that everybody had been running on for ten thousand years, and nobody could puncture them.

This idea about civilization being a mask, for instance.

"Scratch a gentleman and you get a savage" was Noah's favorite retort. When Noah had been trying in vain for three hours to get some poor wild reckless relative to come into the ark, that was what he said to him. Jacob one morning got up from breakfast saying something horrid to Rachel and flinging himself out of the room, and Rachel, looking after the retreating form of

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her suave and elegant husband, said to her sister, "Scratch Jacob and you get Esau."

Some people assume that every time a man is ugly he has just smashed a hole down through into his real self. Everybody can see what he is. And when he is decent he is pretending. All virtues (they tell us) are put on, and all beautiful and harmonious things are a kind of rouge. Civilization itself for ten thousand years is a colossal affectation, everybody keeping guard on himself lest he should give himself away, and everybody spying on everybody else and keeping them up lest everybody should give everybody else away, and the bottom should drop out of the world.

Of course the nearest thing to having the bottom drop out of the world is what is happening in Europe to-day.

When a man sitting quietly and comfortably at table watching the bottom drop out of a world turns to me pleasantly and says, "I told you so," and acts rested and relieved by having human nature look as mean and savage as he always thought it was—it seems to me something ought to be done or said by the world to this man which will make him feel lonesome and uncomfortable.

How many people agree with him?

The most important thing that is getting ready to-day in behalf of Europe is what America thinks and is going to do with this man's remark.

When this war is over, and a world has to be made once more painfully and slowly out of the human beings that are left, the older nations of the earth are going to gather around our boundless, thoughtless, mighty youngster-nation and say, "What does America think of human nature?

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What kind of a next thousand years does America pick out for it and propose to get for it?"

Then they will wait and hear what we say.

Two opposite theories of human nature are going to be laid before the American people. One or the other of these theories we are daily getting ready to vote on and adopt as our national faith—as our programme for a world. Soon there are going to be but two flags, practically, in the whole world. On one flag will be written the strange and tragi-comic saying that has plunged a whole continent into war because it believed it: "Scratch a gentleman and you get a savage." On the other will be inscribed in letters of light: "Wake up a savage and you get a gentleman!"

I believe that our American people are going to rally around this latter standard—this flag of humanity and hold it up among the graver, older nations of the earth. We are going to proclaim it upon the air as our national religion. We are going to sing with it, dedicate nations to it, build skyscrapers to it and cathedrals and railroads and cities to it!

Both of these sayings are different ways of putting the same idea—the idea that every man is mixed, woven part out of gentleman and part out of savage. But put it one way, and you have what Europe has now, a civilization that is merely waiting to be smashed. Put it the other way, and you have a civilization that is waiting to wake up. In other words, we turn it around.

"Scratch a savage and you get a gentleman."

America's peace is the fruit of the American theory of human nature. The war in Europe is the final sublime and awful culmination of

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Europe's theory of human nature. It is not merely a huge gun-battle that is raging in Europe. It is a theory of human nature that is raging there —the Krupp theory of human nature—"Scratch a gentleman and you get a savage."

All Europe has rallied to this belief. They have formed huge fanatical bodies of men called armies, all devoted to the faith that the only final sure way to deal with people is to assume that just underneath they are savages. They have conceived and built the dreadnought, a kind of vast sacrificial altar on water, a kind of cathedral to hate and fear and suspicion of human nature, filled day and night with the worshippers of a negative religious faith—the faith that Right cannot make Might, the faith that guns make human nature think, that only armor plate can protect God! . . . . Without Krupp what is to become of poor helpless God?

* * * *

Last week two cold, dead soldiers—a German and a Frenchman—were found lying in a long death grapple under the night sky. For many hours they had been lying there together like two strange statues of their own hate—effigies of their own fear and despair about themselves and about one another. Their dead fingers had to be pried away from one another's throats. Let no man tell me these men were being themselves, that they were being themselves when they died. They died crazed with the lie they had been taught about human nature.

The only people in Europe to-day who are being their real selves are the Red Cross people. It is they who represent human nature. It is they

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who are the delegates to-day from all human nature, appointed by all of us to represent mankind on a sick and hysterical continent.

It is a harsh and bitter thing to say of a savage that he would do what the gentlemen of Europe are doing now.

San Francisco had a mere earthquake. Merely the ground under people's feet shook, and mere stones and iron girders fell on people's heads. But the people were fearless, steadfast, great-hearted, quiet about their souls and about one another. And men and women stood out above the ruins, heroic, unmastered, and with a sudden strange godlikeness on them. Like stars in a wide heaven the men and women stood while the flames licked up the stones of the earth and the skyscrapers rocked like poplars in a wind. Human beings looked in each other's eyes and knew themselves, and knew God! This is what human nature is. It is what European human nature is. But in San Francisco they had a mere earthquake. In Europe they are having a manquake. Their religion or theory of human nature—the hell-about-people which they have been drilled into believing for forty years, and which now millions of other men who did not believe it have been cheated into believing—has worked its way to the surface and produced its manquake.

Nobody knows what human nature is, who judges it, or constructs a world for it, on the way it acts during a manquake.

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A MILLION-BABY WAR

A million new children every year appear in Germany.

They look up in the faces of their fathers and mothers and smile and say, "What are you going to do with us?"

The fathers and mothers in the houses and factories and streets and in the shops and country fields go about wondering. They do not know what to say.

Nearly every day the million new babies smile and look up in the faces of their fathers and mothers and say it again.

In another short year a million more look up and smile and say—they say it all through Germany to the fathers and to the mothers, "What are you going to do with us?"

To an American it seems simple enough. Ten million uncles and aunts and nephews on farms and in stores and in factories all the way from Ellis Island to Seattle write letters and say it's fine over here, and send money orders.

If you are a German father or mother and find yourself looking into the inquiring face of say the nine hundred and sixty eighth thousand three hundred and sixty seventh surplus German baby —if you find yourself looking into the face of No. 968367 Extra, which the German Government does not know where to put or really see any use for . . . . why should you worry so long as there is a great roomy country like the United States looking out for him and waiting

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for him—why should anyone—even his own father and mother worry about No. 986367?

Let him laugh and cry and gurgle and tumble and sleep. There is room somewhere for him and if not, he has got it in him—anybody can see it as he laughs and kicks, he will make room for himself. He began by making room in one house well enough and he will keep it up on the planet.

This is the way an American would think of it and would put it to the German father and mother.

Anyway I would.

But this morning as I sat in the train and watched Ohio and Indiana slip past through the window and looked at the great barns and yellow harvests of the farmers and thought of the fields of battle and of the Germans and the French, I found myself thinking of the Germans in a new way.

I had been spending a couple of days with a man I had known merely as the head of a great business which has dotted Russia, China, France and Germany and the fields of the world with its machines. I had never seen him with his family about him before.

The little four-year old child who ran in and climbed upon him, spoke to him in German. As his wife was an American and as he certainly was an American and had always had a tremendous interest in American political parties, personalities and programs and had taken no small share in the most utterly and typically American movement in politics that this country has ever known and as I had looked upon him as one of the masters and interpreters of all that is best in our American

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life I was puzzled to see him talking with the child in his arms, as if they had just moved over from Germany a year or so ago.

I then remembered that the main ideas he had stood for and had made his career out of, were ideas he had seized upon and seen the American bearings of, while studying in a German university.

It came out a little later that he had quarreled with his parents and his teachers in boyhood and had run away from an American school to Germany. He had turned the whole thing around and as the German boy or the French boy runs away to a new country, he had run away to an old one. This was the secret of his power. His children are being taught German and are speaking it in the family while growing up because they will have English anyway, and he wants his children to get as much out of German civilization to use in America as he had got out of it, and used in America. He wants the German virtues wrought in—while they are growing up, with their American virtues. Of course if there is one thing in all the world that would be becoming to our American virtues it would be to have a few German ones mixed in with them. Even if the German virtues are bad for the Germans, they are good for us.

The best way to do in getting a German virtue is to get it where it is made. It cannot be taught or read. It must be breathed. One gets it best by being surrounded with thousands of people who have it and who do not even know they have it.

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As I came way from my friend's house I kept thinking. I saw how he had made a career out of the German habits of mind, he had caught as a boy, out of the thoroughness and honesty of his thought, out of his spiritual persistence and above all out of that sense of soundness and well being which he conveyed in everything he did. Then suddenly and without anything being said about it, it came over me how a German father might feel, possibly, with a new German baby Germany had no room for, looking him in the eyes and saying, "What are you going to do with me?"

When the fathers and mothers of a great people stand on the edge of a nation and see a million children a year being pushed off, into the sea to be floated off and breathed into by strange civilizations, to have their lives seized by other ideals and caught away by other enthusiasms, one sees or suspects one sees what the Germans are really fighting for.

They are fighting for the right to keep on being Germans.

They are fighting for the habits of their minds and bodies. They do not want to be isolated one at a time and set in totally different human climates. All the peoples have their faults and looking into a baby's face that you must send away and thinking that he may come home to you some day a sleek Frenchman, a respectable Englishman or a glib American is not a happy experience.

How would we feel ourselves?

I am not saying that this point of view justifies the war. Germans have certainly taken the wrong way to tell us about their million babies a

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year, but the idea they are trying to get into us—some of them, is a right and human idea.

The world has got to provide for those million babies. They are ours as well as Germany's. And we are going to help Germany to arrange for some ground on the earth—her own room—on which to do it, when our attention is really got to it.

She is making desperately clumsy business of getting our attention to her million babies but for my own part any nation that knows enough or is buoyant enough to have a million more babies a year than the older, tireder or may I say more spinsterish and maiden-aunt nations would want, has got to be listened to.

When one thinks of it, a million surplus babies in a nation is about as neat a compliment to this planet and about as noble an appeal to the chivalry of the world as anybody could hope for from any nation.

Anyway, there is something about it—about that million extra babies, which if the Germans will ever stop fighting us long enough to let us think, will yet reach all people, and make us act and think like men and women again, like fathers and mothers again.

After the roar and darkness and bitterness the Kings and Ministers at last shall let the little children speak and the nations will be gentle in their hearts.

There is not a nation of us nor a man of us all, who can take one real good square look—even in a shop window—at a pair of baby shoes, and not think fair and straight.

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AMERICA STANDS BY

I returned home yesterday from a kind of peace tour in the middle west.

I had seen in three weeks more lions and lambs lying down together, more ex-strikers and capitalists fondling each other and wiping the tears out of each others eyes than I had ever dreamed of except in (what were supposed to be) the wildest moments of "Inspired Millionaires."

Naturally feeling a little warmed up about human nature and feeling a little religious about it, and as if I would like to go in and stand up with crowds of people and help sing Te Deums, I thought I would go to church.

I had reached home at the wrong time to go to church in the regular way and the nearest and quickest thing to do was to drop into the College Vesper Service at five o'clock.

Then I heard a man with a vast pipe organ up behind him (which could hardly have held itself in from singing Magnificats if it tried) and a hundred glowing college girls backing him up on the platform and all breaking out and singing, "Jerusalem the Golden!"—I heard this man get up and tell seventeen hundred young women, the assembled mass of whose joyous faces in front of one sometimes seem like some great window lighting up the place (some of the light comes in through the windows on the sides but a great deal larger part and certainly the more important part of the lighting arrangement of Smith College, comes from the audience)—I heard this man tell these seventeen hundred young women—all of

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them shining back at him—that human nature was full of darkness, that Man was a brute, that no one could begin to express the stupendous infinite immeasurable brutality of the human heart.

Then he pointed to the European war to prove it.

He told us all to be on our guard. We could not tell any minute when the beast in us would break out and sweep all fairness and beauty out of our lives and out of the lives of all around us.

Of course nobody could say anything. The young women sang the hymn they were told to, "My Soul be on thy Guard." Then they poured out and filled the streets with voices, with joy and soft laughter and footsteps, with the stir and with the passing of youth and hope, with the breath of life, with that sense we all know in the streets here of strange contagious gentle unspoken expectation!

* * * *

The streets were right I think, last Sunday night after the service.

One could not but feel it as one walked through the hum under the great trees—that glorious contradiction that glimmered and flowed through the streets and uplifted the streets—of what everybody had just heard in church.

Often in this way have I heard or thought I heard streets talking back to churches.

The streets have the last word. And the factories. And parlors and living rooms and kitchens and nurseries have the last word.

I had a conversation with the speaker immediately afterwards, about what he had said and

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about what the streets were saying, as we walked down through the streets to his train. He was a man of power and vision—or at least almost always was, as it had seemed to me and his religion in any ordinary crisis or when it had not just been floored by seven nations—had always seemed to me to be full of inspiration, of deep honest and constructive thought. But with the whole continent of Europe over there just across the sea spending a million dollars an hour in proving all during the last week that men were brutes, all he could do when Sunday came as it seemed to him, was to get up in his place and say he believed it.

He took Europe's word for it. He did not see how he could talk back to seven nations.

On the way down to the train I said that I thought talking back to the seven nations was just what America was for and that talking back to the seven nations quietly and keeping our heads and not believing all that we heard was the one great national, characteristic responsible and practical way that we could help in this war.

I admitted (how could I help admitting? Any dog going by in Europe could see it, or any robin up in any tree)—I admitted that the fields and woods of Europe were full just now of men who were looking and acting like brutes.

Panthers and lions and tigers who have merely looked at long rows of insipid stupid human beings filing past their cages and just standing before them and staring and yammering, would have their eyes opened if they could get out into the woods of Europe and see these same human beings now. They would be abashed for the rest of their natural lives, at all these sudden hordes,

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these millions of new fellow brutes they would see cropping out everywhere and carrying on everywhere in ways that they—the panthers and lions and tigers would instinctively understand. There has never been a time in the history of the world when tigers and panthers and lions could hope to feel as close to us human beings, so full of a sympathetic understanding of us as they would in Europe to-day—if they could get out and observe things.

But I do not believe that tigers and panthers looking on at the battle of the Aisne and watching it sympathetically and judging the men they saw by themselves, and judging them by the way they looked and acted for the moment, would be right.

Nor do I believe that the Reverend George A. Gordon, of the Old South Church in Boston, is right in agreeing with them. Tomtom, my dog, who lies by my desk as I write, and who licks my hand, may be transformed in five minutes and fight me to the death and race down the streets with people flying for their lives into their houses all the way down to the Post Office. Three hundred pale people he has chased in behind glass doors all up and down Main Street may stand by and watch a policeman shoot him.

But he will always be the same Tomtom to me. I shall always think of him as he really was before that little foolish wimmering germ got him.

What I want to try to do is to judge my fellow human being as kindly as I do my dog.

The present position, what might be called almost the official position of America in the world war, is to see to it that there is one nation

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on the earth to-day that takes a stand for judging human beings as kindly as it does dogs.

Hydrophobia is not brutality. Neither is hysteria.

At present three hundred million men infected by Bernhardi have suddenly broken away in seven nations and are running wildly up and down the great Main Street of the world with guns in their hands, and it seems to me it is a very serious paralyzing and helpless mistake for a preacher like Dr. Gordon to confess in public that three thousand miles over here in the quietness of the Old South Parsonage he is as scared about human nature and things it can do as Bernhardi is.

Bernhardi is scared about some human nature, about the English, French and Russian brands. General French, seeing how Bernhardi has infected many Germans, is scared about German human nature. But Dr. Gordon is scared about all human nature everywhere.

If America agrees with Dr. Gordon in his possibly momentary mood of last Sunday it will be as serious a disaster to America as Bernhardi has been to Germany and to Europe. The only nation that can do anything in the way of the healing of the nations when this war is over, will be the nation that refuses to believe that it is the brutality in the hearts of our comrades over there, that has brought this war to pass.

America is facing to-day almost all alone the most stupendous crisis of the world. It is America that will have to deal with it. And if we the people of America do not have a great quiet-hearted, wide-prairied, sunned-through, shrewd faithful belief in human nature, if we do not have the

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habit as we read of cutting down through appearances in European human nature and of seeing down through to the real selves of our comrades over there, we will not be able to help them. We will not have (when they appeal to us at last) the warmth or the gusto in us to call their real selves out and bring them together. America, the young mighty son of the nations, the one to be leaned on, the big common relative of them all, in this immense and solemn hour of the destiny of man upon the earth, will have failed the world.

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DECEMBER—JANUARY—1913

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GERALD STANLEY LEE

MOUNT TOM PRESS
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Vol. VII APRIL–MAY—1913 No

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VII APR Easter Number FEBRUARY—MARCH—1914 No.

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Vol. VII Vacation Number AUGUST—SEPTEMBER—1914 No.

1914

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Vol. VII Record of OCTOBER—NOVEMBER—1914 No.

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